



THE STOCKBRIDGE TRILOGY: I

Castle Of Fear

A FOUR-PART STORY BY ALAN BARNES

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON

Time traveller.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON

Time traveller's companion.

ROLAND OF BRITTANY/MUMMER PLAYING 'DOCTOR': JOHN SESSIONS

(M, 40s, French) A 'chivalrous' paladin, 1199/Mummer in 1899.

HUBERT, EARL OF MUMMERSET/'ST GEORGE': JOE THOMAS

(M, early 20s) Upper-Class Twit of the Year, 1199/Mummer in 1899.

OSBERT/'DRAGON'/RUTAN/YOKEL 2: RICHARD COTTON

(M, 20s-30s) Hapless yokel, 1199/Mummer in 1899/Jellyfish-like alien leader.

MAUD THE WITHERED/YOKEL 3: SUSAN BROWN

(F, 40s-50s) Crone.

YAVUZ/'TURKISH KNIGHT'/RUTAN 2/YOKEL 1: TEDDY KEMPNER

(M, 30s) Soldier of fortune, 1199/Mummer in 1899/Jellyfish-like alien underling.

SMITHY/'FATHER CHRISTMAS': TREVOR COOPER

(M, 40s) Cattle-branding zealot, 1199/Mummer in 1899.

VILLAGERS & FRENCH KNIGHTS played by members of the company.

DIRECTOR: BARNABY EDWARDS

PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS LTD © 2009

231163-15

PART ONE

SCENE 1: EXT. GREEN DRAGON INN (1899)

(FX: A TRADITIONAL MUMMERS' PLAY IN PROGRESS OUTSIDE A VILLAGE PUB. NOISY CROWD WATCHING)

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(TO CROWD) Here come I, old Father Christmas,
Welcome you, or welcome not;
I am not come here for to laugh or to jeer,
But for a pocketful of money, and a skinful of beer!

(FX: BEERY GUFFAWS FROM CROWD. CROSS TO:)

NYSSA:

(IN CROWD, SLIGHTLY DISAPPROVING) Doctor? This 'skinful' is
part of the 'mimery' too?

DOCTOR:

(BESIDE HER) *Mummers*, Nyssa. Well, it is Christmas.

NYSSA:

'Boxing Day', you said. It sounds utterly barbaric.

DOCTOR:

Ah. No boxing. Not on Boxing Day.

NYSSA:

Obviously.

DOCTOR:

Just – enjoy the play, Nyssa. As best you can.

(FX: CROWD BOOS AS THE TURKISH KNIGHT BARGES THROUGH)

TURKISH KNIGHT:

(PLAYING THE BAD GUY TO CROWD) Here come I, the Turkish Knight;
Come from the Turkish land to fight!

NYSSA:

Doctor – if this is England, why is there a Turkish Knight?

DOCTOR:

Well, the mummers' play is an oral tradition, passed down since
the Middle Ages. With local variations, of course.

NYSSA:

You don't know.

DOCTOR:

I've absolutely no idea. Look – here's Saint George!

(FX: CHEERS FROM CROWD)

ST GEORGE:

Here come I, Saint George, from England did I spring;
I'll fight the Dragon bold, my wonders to begin!

(FX: ENTER DRAGON. CROWD ROARS)

DRAGON:

Who's he that seeks the Dragon's blood,
And calls so angry, and so loud?

(FX: CROSS TO:)

NYSSA:

That's a dragon?

DOCTOR:

The costumes could do with a little work, I grant you.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

DRAGON:

... That English dog, will he before me stand?
I'll cut him down with my vicious hand!

ST GEORGE:

I'll clip his wings, he shall not fly;
I'll cut him down, or else I die! (ROARS AS HE ATTACKS DRAGON)

(FX: GEORGE/DRAGON PLAYFIGHT CONTINUES UNDER AS WE CROSS TO:)

NYSSA:

Doctor, when you suggested spending Christmas in Stockbridge,
and I said, 'Please, not the twenty-first century'

DOCTOR:

Awkward, you said. (EMBARRASSED) With, you know –

NYSSA:

Andrew. That's his name. I didn't mean it.

DOCTOR:

('YOU DIDN'T?') Oh.

NYSSA:

Well, I did and I didn't. But 1899 is too primitive for me.

DOCTOR:

(DISAPPOINTED) Right. Yes. Very well.

NYSSA:

We can see the play to the end, though. Unless you saw it last Christmas.

DOCTOR:

I've not been in Stockbridge earlier than this. But never mind, we can catch it in – 2008? 2009?

NYSSA:

We can?

DOCTOR:

I told you, the words have been passed down, father to son, for hundreds of years. These people's descendants will be playing the same parts on Boxing Day morning – well, for a few more centuries yet. Perhaps Andrew will be among them.

NYSSA:

(SARCASTIC) I doubt that.

(FX: INTERRUPTED BY EXAGGERATED DYING HOWL FROM DRAGON)

ST GEORGE:

At last, at last, the monster is slay'd;
But look at the mess his claws have made! (EXAGGERATED FAINT)
(FX: FALLS TO FLOOR – 'ARMOUR' CLATTERS)

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

Is there a doctor to be found
All ready, near at hand;
To cure a deep and deadly wound,
And make the champion stand?

(FX: CROSS TO:)

NYSSA:

(CALLING OUT) Over here!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa!

(FX: NO-ONE TAKES ANY NOTICE; THE PLAY CONTINUES)

NYSSA:

Sorry, I couldn't resist. This is getting sillier by the minute: Father Christmas, St George, a dragon and now a doctor.

DOCTOR:

The doctor is a common figure in mummery. An agent of death and rebirth, some say of seasonal renewal.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(INTO DISTANCE) Ah yes! The Doctor! See, he arrives;
In his strange blue cart, smaller on the out than it is inside!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

CROWD:

Carry him through! Carry him through!

NYSSA:

Doctor, that's a big blue box!

DOCTOR:

Yes, well, I'm sure it's just a coincidence.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(OFF) Out, Doctor, out;
From your cart, larger within that it is without!

CROWD:

Out! Out! Out, Doctor, out!

NYSSA:

You're sure you've never been in Stockbridge earlier than this?

DOCTOR:

Really, I haven't.

(FX: CROSS TO CHEERS AS 'DOCTOR' EMERGES FROM BOX)

MUMMER PLAYING 'DOCTOR':

Oh! Yes, there is a Doctor near at hand,
Ready to make the champion stand.
Not another paltry mime;
But an Earl of Space, and a Lord of Time!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

DOCTOR:

What did he say?

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 2: EXT. WOODLAND TRACK (1199)

(FX: 2 x HORSES RIDING TO HALT)

YAVUZ:

Sire? We take the left-hand path? Or the right?

HUBERT:

I – I'm not sure, good Yavuz. It's this fog.

YAVUZ:

'Tis a strange mist that makes one's homeland unfamiliar.
Cold and cloying, like chickpea broth.

HUBERT:

A real bean-souper, yes. Damned unseasonable, too. (FX:
GATHERING REINS) Right. I mean – left!

YAVUZ:

You are sure, sire?

HUBERT:

(DECISIVELY) Left. Stockbridge Castle must be but a half-mile
further. I think –

YAVUZ:

(HISSING) Quiet!

HUBERT:

Yavuz?

YAVUZ:

A woman approaches.

HUBERT:

They do?

YAVUZ:

Listen!

(FX: MAUD IS WALKING TOWARDS THEM ALONG THE TRACK, SINGING
'BIRD ON A BRIAR' SOFTLY TO HERSELF: MELODY AT
www.luminarium.org/medlit/medlyric/brere.php)

MAUD:

Bryd one brere, brid, brid one brere,
Kynd is come of love, love to crave
Blythful biryd, on me thu rewe
Or greyth, lef, greith thu me my grave –

YAVUZ:

(ALoud) You there! Halt!

MAUD:

Mercy, mercy!

YAVUZ:

(TO HUBERT) What is this sign she makes with her hands?

HUBERT:

(TO MAUD) Cross yourself all you like, crone, it won't trouble my heathen knight here. Is this the road to the castle?

MAUD:

I beg you, devils: I am a good woman of Stockbridge, gathering herbs. I makes tonics, and potions! Please, let me pass!

YAVUZ:

Stockbridge?

HUBERT:

(TO YAVUZ) What did I tell you, Yavuz? Stockbridge Castle: half a mile yonder on the left!

MAUD:

Forgive me, sirs, but 'tis two miles yonder and on the right-hand path!

YAVUZ:

(LAUGHS)

HUBERT:

(TO SELF) Damn!

YAVUZ:

(TO MAUD) What is your name, 'good woman'?

MAUD:

I am Maud the Withered, a true and honest maiden of Mummieset!

YAVUZ:

Come closer, Maud the Withered. Tell me — do you not know this man, my master?

MAUD:

I —

YAVUZ:

By his father's eyes, perhaps?

HUBERT:

Ah, but I hadn't started shaving when I first departed England, seven years since.

MAUD:

I don't understand.

YAVUZ:

This is your master, too! Hubert, Earl of Mummieset — returned at last from Palestine!

MAUD:
Hubert, Earl of Mummerset?

HUBERT:
Yes.

MAUD:
Come to claim his father's title?

HUBERT:
Yes.

MAUD:
Come to claim his castle, and his lands?

HUBERT:
Yes!

MAUD:
(CACKLES LONG AND LOUD)

HUBERT:
Wh-what?

YAVUZ:
What's so funny, woman?

MAUD:
(STILL LAUGHING) You don't know?

HUBERT:
Don't know what?

MAUD:
Why, my Lord – in your absence, devils took your father, and his castle!

YAVUZ:
(SNEERING) Devils!

MAUD:
Devils and goblins,imps and demons! It is not your castle! Not any more!

HUBERT:
Now, look – it very well is, by right of birth!

MAUD:
Go back, Hubert of Mummerset! Retreat from this unholy land! This is the Earldom of Lucifer now!

SCENE 3: EXT. GREEN DRAGON INN

(FX: THE MUMMERS' PLAY CONTINUES OFF)

MUMMER PLAYING 'DOCTOR':

(OFF) ... The phthisic, the palsy, and the gout;
Whatever disorder, I'll soon pull him out!

NYSSA:

Doctor, this can't be right. He's you! He's even dressed like you!

DOCTOR:

It's a white coat, that's all.

NYSSA:

Yes, and the celery?

(FX: CROSS TO:)

MUMMER PLAYING 'DOCTOR':

Here, George, take a little of my flip-flop;
Pour it down thy tip-top:
Rise up, and fight again!

ST GEORGE:

(LOUD COMEDY 'GLUG... GLUG... GLUG'; BEAT; LOUD COMEDY BELCH)

CROWD:

(ROWDY APPLAUSE, CHEERS)

ST GEORGE:

Here am I, Saint George, that worthy champion bold!
I fought the fiery dragon, and brought him to the slaughter!

(FX: CROSS)

DOCTOR:

Fascinating, I agree, but this 'doctor' isn't me!

NYSSA:

Are you sure about that?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, I'm known throughout history for many things. Bringing the dead back to life is not one of them!

(FX: CROSS BACK. CROWD MAKES OMINOUS ROAR — 'WHOAAAAA...' — AS TURKISH KNIGHT SNEAKS UP BEHIND ST GEORGE)

ST GEORGE:

Where is the Turk that will before me stand?
I'll cut him down with my courageous hand!

TURKISH KNIGHT:

Here, sir! Yaaa! (ROARS, CHARGES)

(FX: CROSS BACK AS TURKISH KNIGHT AND GEORGE BEGIN PLAY FIGHT.
CROWD GASPING AND LAUGHING THROUGHOUT, CLUNKING SOUNDS OF
WOODEN SWORDS STRIKING WOODEN SHIELDS)

NYSSA:

Over there – that's the Green Dragon Inn. Perhaps – perhaps the
play commemorates a specific event, in the past? The same event
remembered in the name of the pub?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, there must be hundreds of Green Dragon Inns in the
country.

NYSSA:

(LOST IN THOUGHT) ... An event involving you, a green dragon...

DOCTOR:

(SCEPTICAL) ... and a Turkish Knight?

(FX: CROSS BACK TO THE PLAY AS THE KNIGHTS' SCUFFLE ENDS)

TURKISH KNIGHT:

Pardon me, Saint George, pardon of thee I crave;
Pardon me this night, and I will be thy slave.

ST GEORGE:

I'll never pardon a Turkish Knight;
So rise thee up again, if you might! (EFFORT – 'KILLS' KNIGHT)

TURKISH KNIGHT:

('DEATH CRY')

(FX: CROWD CHEERS. CROSS BACK)

NYSSA:

Well, when you put it like that...

DOCTOR:

Exactly. It's hardly likely that the whole of mumming tradition
derives from one specific incident involving me!

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(OFF) Ladies and gentlemen, our sport is now ended,
So prepare for our box, which is highly commended;
Come, throw in your money, and think it no wrong!

(FX: OFF, CHINKS OF COINAGE IN BOX)

NYSSA:

(PROMPTING) Doctor...?

DOCTOR:

(PATTING POCKETS) Oh! Yes. I'm sure I've a farthing or two somewhere..

(FX: CROSS BACK)

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

And should you wish to see our Play again,
We'll show it once more, down the lane;
The Green Dragon Inn has seen all our celebration,
But follow us, all – the Turk's Head is waiting!

(FX: CHEERS. CROSS BACK)

NYSSA:

Did he say...?

DOCTOR:

... The Turk's Head, yes.

NYSSA & DOCTOR:

(TOGETHER) ... A Turkish Knight!

SCENE 4: EXT. CASTLE GATE

(FX: 2 x HORSES CLOP TO HALT ON STONE BRIDGE. WHINNY)

YAVUZ:

(UNIMPRESSED) What, this is it?

HUBERT:

Stockbridge [Castle] – what d’you mean, ‘This is it?’

YAVUZ:

The battlements are only as high as ten men on end – but you spoke of it as the largest fortress in the Western Countries!

HUBERT:

Counties. And yes, you stand before the largest fortress in the whole of Mummiesetshire!

YAVUZ:

Then the devils inside must truly be terrible, to drive your servants from the safety of its walls.

HUBERT:

What? You took that crone at her word?

YAVUZ:

She had no reason to lie.

HUBERT:

She’s but a credulous Saxon. It’s a well-known fact, the native Angles have smaller brains than those of Normandy stock.

YAVUZ:

Then, my Lord, with your Norman brain, tell me: how shall we enter within, with no gatekeeper to raise the portcullis?

HUBERT:

Oh, that’s easy.

YAVUZ:

Aaaah, there is a secret entrance?

HUBERT:

No, Yavuz. You climb the battlements.

YAVUZ:

I what?

HUBERT:

They are only as high as ten men on end.

YAVUZ:

B-but.

HUBERT:

Better get to it. Before night falls.

SCENE 5: EXT. TURK'S HEAD

(FX: CROWD HUBBUB)

NYSSA:

(WALKING UP) Here we are. (READING SIGN) 'The Turk's Head'.

DOCTOR:

One moment, Nyssa. (CALLING OFF) Excuse me! Father, uh, Christmas?

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

Later, sir! Our play is about to begin – (DOUBLE-TAKE) Ah, but you've come dressed for the occasion. 'Doctor'!

DOCTOR:

I beg your pardon?

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

With your coat, and your reviving vegetable?

NYSSA:

Told you.

DOCTOR:

(IGNORING HER) I was wondering if I could talk to you about the origin of the play text?

TURKISH KNIGHT:

(FROM OFF; 'NORMAL' VOICE) Jack! Jack!!!

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

One moment, sir.

TURKISH KNIGHT:

(RUSHING UP) Jack, it's old man Grubb. He can hardly stand.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

There's no surprise. He's been knocking them back since the Redfern. It's fortunate that I've a fellow here to stand in his stead!

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, I don't follow.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

Tell the others. (CALLING OUT) Positions, men!

NYSSA:

Doctor, they want you to take his place!

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(FX: TURNING ASIDE) Aye, and well volunteered it was!

DOCTOR:

But —

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(TO CROWD) Here come I, old Father Christmas,
Welcome you, or welcome not;
*[I am not come here for to laugh or to jeer,
But for a pocketful of money, and a skinful of beer!]*

(FX: OVER THIS:)

DOCTOR:

Sorry, Nyssa, this isn't what I intended.

NYSSA:

No rush, Doctor. I'm enjoying myself immensely!

SCENE 6: EXT. CASTLE GATE/BATTELEMENTS

(FX: CHINK OF METAL STIRRUP AGAINST STONE — YAVUZ IS CLIMBING THE CASTLE BATTELEMENTS)

YAVUZ:

(EFFORT)

HUBERT:

(BELOW, CALLING UP) Come on, Yavuz! You told me you climbed the cliffs at Masada!

YAVUZ:

(TO SELF, THROUGH GRITTED TEETH) Yes, sire. But the heights at Masada are not coated in this — putrescent moss — (MAKES FINAL EFFORT)

(FX: CROSS TO BELOW)

HUBERT:

Pardon?

YAVUZ:

(FROM ABOVE, KNACKERED) Ha! See? I have made it! Ha ha!

HUBERT:

(CALLING UP) Very good, well done. Now just hop down the other side, and raise the portcullis.

YAVUZ:

(FROM ABOVE) Again, it is the height of ten men on end!

HUBERT:

(CALLING UP) Jump, then!

YAVUZ:

(FROM ABOVE) It is dark too! I shall take the steps!

HUBERT:

Oh, yes. The steps. (CALLING UP) Jolly good!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

YAVUZ:

(FX: CLATTERING DOWN STEPS) Hop, he says. Jump, he says. He of the 'Normandy [stock' -] (SLIPS, CRIES OUT, TUMBLES)

(FX: CLATTER. CROSS BACK)

HUBERT:

(CALLING OUT) Yavuz-? Yavuz-? Oh, don't say you've broken your neck!

YAVUZ:

(FX: AT GROUND LEVEL, JUST A FEW FEET AWAY, THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PORTCULLIS) (STIRS, DAZED)

HUBERT:

Ah! I see you now. Have you, er, have you broken your neck?

YAVUZ:

(WITH BRUISED PRIDE) These steps are covered in moss! (BEAT) I shall raise the portcullis.

HUBERT:

Good, good.

YAVUZ:

But - where is the mechanism?

HUBERT:

Oh! Um -

YAVUZ:

The lever, or some like device?

HUBERT:

(SPECULATIVE - HE DOESN'T KNOW THERE'S A GATEHOUSE) Try - the gatehouse? Around the side?

YAVUZ:
Side of what?

HUBERT:
Well, the gate?

(FX: YAVUZ MOVING OFF)

(BEAT)

HUBERT:
Hurry it up. I swear this fog is getting worse, I can barely see the path we rode in on.

YAVUZ:
(OFF) ... here! I have found it! (FX: IRON RATTLE) It is barred, though.

(FX: WHUMP OF DISCHARGED ELECTRICAL ENERGY, OFF)

YAVUZ:
(OFF, SCREAMS)

HUBERT:
Yavuz? You haven't slipped again, have you? (FX: SHAKING PORTCULLIS) Yavuz?

YAVUZ:
(OFF) Demon, get back! (FX: ANOTHER DISCHARGE) (SCREAMS AGAIN)

HUBERT:
D-demon?!?

YAVUZ:
(OFF) Run, sire! Run! Before this devil takes you too!

(FX: ANOTHER DISCHARGE... AND SILENCE)

(BEAT)

HUBERT:
Yavuz? Yavuz? (COLLECTING HIS WITS) Run. Yes. Yes! Run!!!

(FX: FLEES OVER COBBLES)

SCENE 7: EXT. TURK'S HEAD

(FX: PLAY IN PROGRESS. EXAGGERATED DYING HOWL FROM DRAGON)

ST GEORGE:

At last, at last, the monster is slay'd;
But look at the mess his claws have made! (EXAGGERATED FAINT)

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

Is there a doctor to be found
All ready, near at hand;
To cure a deep and deadly wound,
And make the champion stand?

NYSSA:

(CALLING OUT) Over here!

DOCTOR:

(PAINED) Nyssa. I really don't think-

NYSSA:

Don't be a killjoy.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(INTO DISTANCE) Ah yes! The Doctor! See, he arrives.

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING FREE OF CROWD) No, I shan't be needing my 'strange blue cart' today. Thank you. Now, uh - what seems to be the [problem-?]

CROWD:

(BEGINS TO BOO DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

Oh. Did I do something wrong?

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(SOTTO) You've not introduced yourself properly, sir!

NYSSA:

Say what's on the card, Doctor! "Oh! Yes, there is a Doctor near at hand -"

DOCTOR:

Of course. (FLAT) "... a Doctor near at hand/Ready to make the champion stand. I am not another paltry mime; But an Earl of Space, and..." (BEAT) Oh, the rest you know. Now, Saint George, what seems to be the problem?

ST GEORGE:

The problem is - you've ruined our play, sir!

CROWD:
(LAUGHS)

DOCTOR:
Sorry. Sorry!

ST GEORGE:
Just read it off the card! (PROMPT) 'Here, George-?'

DOCTOR:
(READING) Here, George, take a little of the flip-flop;
Pour it down your tip-top:
Rise up, and fight again!

ST GEORGE:
(LOUD COMEDY 'GLUG... GLUG... GLUG'; BEAT; LOUD COMEDY BELCH)

CROWD:
(ROWDY APPLAUSE, CHEERS)

ST GEORGE:
Here am I, Saint George, that worthy champion bold!
I fought the fiery dragon, and brought him to the slaughter.

DRAGON:
(BOOMING) No! He shall not defeat us!

FATHER CHRISTMAS:
(SOTTO) Eh? What's he playing at?

NYSSA:
(SOTTO) Oh, Doctor, you've messed it up!

DRAGON:
Doctor? This is the Doctor?

ST GEORGE:
"... an Earl of Space, and a [Lord of Time!]"

DRAGON:
Time Lord. Yes.

DOCTOR:
I say, are you alright?

DRAGON:
Time... Lord!

ST GEORGE:
"I fought the fiery dragon, and brought him to the slaughter"

DRAGON:

Stand aside, strange knight. This is not your business.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(WADING IN) Alright, alright. Maybe a quart of ale will put out our Dragon's fire?

YOKEL 1:

I'd say he's had more'n a quart already!

CROWD:

(LAUGHS. OVER THIS:)

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(TO DRAGON ACTOR) Come on now, Edward. Lie down and let's get on with it.

DRAGON:

You too, drone! My business is with the Time... Lord!

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

Lie down, sir.

(FX: CHINK OF CLAWS ON HELMET)

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(HOWLS IN PAIN)

CROWD:

(SHOCK)

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(FAINT) Oh, but look what a mess his claws have made.

ST GEORGE:

(TO DRAGON) Edward! Whatever's possessed you, man?

DOCTOR:

Whatever indeed?

DRAGON:

Now, Time Lord. (LUNGING) Now for you!

NYSSA:

Doctor, look out!

(FX: THE ROAR OF THE DRAGON AS HE FLINGS HIMSELF AT THE DOCTOR)

SCENE 8: EXT. STOCKBRIDGE VILLAGE

(FX: FADE UP. CROWD HUBBUB. WE EXPERIENCE THIS FROM THE PRESPECTIVE OF THE CROWD: HUBERT IS A LITTLE WAY OFF. THINK 'BLESSED ARE THE CHEESEMAKERS'.)

YOKEL 1:
What's this Norman puppy?

YOKEL 2:
Only the Earl o' Mummieset, they says.

YOKEL 1:
Who says?

YOKEL 2:
Maud.

YOKEL 1:
What, Maud the Strumpet?

YOKEL 2:
Naah, Maud the Withered.

YOKEL 1:
Oh. *Her*.

HUBERT:
(ALoud, ADDRESSING CROWD) Hear me, men of Stockbridge! Hear me!

YOKEL 2:
We hears you!

HUBERT:
Good. Good. I am Hubert, Earl of Mummieset. Your master!

YOKEL 3:
(HECKLING) Who says?

YOKELS 1 & 2:
Maud says.

YOKEL 3:
What, Maud the Strumpet?

YOKELS 1 & 2:
Naah, Maud the Withered.

YOKEL 3:
Oh. *Her*.

HUBERT:
Men of Stockbridge, please!

YOKEL 2:
Prove it!

HUBERT:
I'm sorry?

YOKEL 2:
Prove you are who you says you are!

HUBERT:
Why, did not the Earl's only son depart for the Holy Land some seven years past?

YOKEL 1:
I dunno, did he?

(FX: DURING THE FOLLOWING SPEECH, WE SWITCH PERSPECTIVE UNTIL WE ARE WITH HUBERT. THE CROWD ARE NOW THE ONES IN THE BACKGROUND)

HUBERT:
Quiet! And did not that only son take his father's sword to Palestine? (FX: UNSHEATHING SWORD) See, here – I bear that sword! (MUSIC: STING) Volund's Spear!

(BEAT)

YOKEL 2:
Prove it!

HUBERT:
Vexatious yokel, whatever do you mean?

YOKEL 2:
What I says. Could be any old sword, that. Could be Volund's Spike, for all as we know.

YOKEL 1:
Heh. Volund's Shard.

YOKEL 2:
Volund's Stump!

(FX: CROWD FALL ABOUT. THEY'RE EASILY AMUSED)

HUBERT:
The sword is its own proof! It's written here on the hilt – Volund's Spear! See?

YOKEL 1:
That's in runes!

HUBERT:
Well, yes. Volund was a Norseman, as is well-known.

YOKEL 2:
Do you read runes?

HUBERT:
Well, no.

YOKEL 2:
(ALoud) Anyone here read runes?

(FX: CROWD NAYS)

HUBERT:
(SHOUTING TO BE HEARD) Well, if you don't believe me – you won't believe in the wealth I bring my bondsmen?

YOKEL 1:
Is it gold?

HUBERT:
Better than that.

(FX: CROWD GROANS)

HUBERT:
Why won't you listen to me? Land. (FX: CROWD QUIETENS) I will give one hundred acres of land to anyone willing to rid my castle of its demons!

YOKEL 1:
One hundred acres?

HUBERT:
You heard.

YOKEL 2:
Not bog land?

HUBERT:
Woodland.

YOKEL 1:
Yeah, but – demons?

YOKEL 2:
Who says there's demons?

MAUD:

(BARGING THROUGH) I says there's demons!

(FX: CROWD GROANS. MAUD MOUNTS THE LITTLE STAGE FROM WHICH HUBERT HAS BEEN ADDRESSING THE CROWD AND STANDS NEXT TO HIM)

MAUD:

Ohh, you all know there's demons! Demons and devils, squatting in Stockbridge Castle. You've seen the lightning in the High Keep! Choked on the infernal mists that wreath our village! Heard their dragon's roar echo all around the valley.

YOKEL 1:

No bother to us, though, is they?

YOKEL 2:

Keeps themselves to themselves.

(FX: CROWD AGREEMENT)

MAUD:

You cowardly rabble!

HUBERT:

(INTERRUPTING; ADDRESSING MAUD) Yes, thank you, Maud the Withered. (TO THE CROWD) Men. My bondsmen. If none among you has the heart to aid me, I ask this – send word! Send word that Hubert, Earl of Mummerset will give one hundred acres of woodland to any man able to expel his demons!

MAUD:

Send word, so the curse may be lifted! *Send word!!!*

SCENE 9: EXT. TURK'S HEAD

DRAGON:
Time Lord! (SLASHING) You will die!!!

NYSSA:
Doctor, he's possessed!

(FX: WITH A ROAR THE DRAGON SLASHES THROUGH SOME STAGE SCENERY)

DOCTOR:
Nyssa, stay back!

DRAGON:
(STOPPING) Nyssa. This is Nyssa of Traken?

NYSSA:
I am. You know me, then?

DRAGON:
(FALTERING) I — I know that I must —

DOCTOR:
Lower those claws?

DRAGON:
I must —

NYSSA:
(VERY COMMANDING) Do as the Lord of Time commands!

DRAGON:
(HE DOES SO) My Lady.

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) Fascinating. A memetic confluence!

YOKEL 1:
(DESCENDANT OF) What's the matter, Mr Dragon? Fire gone from your belly?

(FX: TITTERS FROM THE CROWD)

FATHER CHRISTMAS:
Men of Stockbridge! Hear me! The performance is at an end!

CROWD:
(BOOS)

YOKEL 1:
Just as things were starting to get interesting!

(FX: AS CROWD DISPERSES:)

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Memetic? What have memes got to do with it?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) It's seems my — our — being here has caused this poor fellow to recall our meeting his own ancestor, in the dim and distant past.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) But that shouldn't happen!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Not ordinarily, no. Help me with his mask. (DRAGON MASK REMOVED; HIS VOICE IS LESS MUFFLED FROM NOW ON) There! That's better, isn't it, er —

NYSSA:

Edward.

DRAGON:

(THICKER ACCENT) Edward? My name's not Edward!

DOCTOR:

It isn't?

DRAGON:

Osbert, that's my name. Peasant of Mummerset, that's me!

NYSSA:

Peasant?

DRAGON:

I knows my place, my Lady. And I'd rather be a peasant than a serf.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING OVER) Father Christmas, how's Saint George?

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(OFF) His helmet took all of the blow. He'll have a nasty bump, that's all.

DOCTOR:

Good, good.

NYSSA:

(TO DRAGON) So what brought you to Stockbridge, Osbert?

DRAGON:

Why, the demons, my lady!

NYSSA:

Now, Osbert. You know there's no such thing as demons.

DRAGON:

Yurr, that's what I thought. But I was wrong. There was demons. In the castle. In the keep. Just like she said.

DOCTOR:

Who said?

DRAGON:

Maud, of course. Not Maud the Strumpet, mind. Maud the Withered!

NYSSA:

Oh. *Her*.

DOCTOR:

Tell me, Osbert – what year is it?

DRAGON:

Why, the year that the Ant by the Lion was slain!

NYSSA:

Oh dear.

DOCTOR:

No, no, I'm beginning to understand. And what day, Osbert?

DRAGON:

The third after Whitsun. The day that Hubert, Earl of Mummerset returned from Palestine. My Lord. (SWOONS)

NYSSA:

(CATCHING HIM – EFFORT) It's alright, we've got you. Osbert?

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(COMING OVER) Here, he's right out of it now!

DOCTOR:

A good sleep, that's all he needs. He'll be right as rain once we've gone. Nyssa and I, that is.

NYSSA:

At last. The twenty-first century, please.

DOCTOR:

... the twelfth century, actually.

NYSSA:

The twelfth century.

DOCTOR:

1199, to be precise. The year that the Ant by the Lion was slain. Come on, Nyssa. Time we left exited stage right.

SCENE 10: EXT. CASTLE GATE

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOORS OPEN)

DOCTOR:

(WALKING OUT) ... The Ant, that's Saladin. And the Lion – well, that's Richard the Lionheart, King of all England.

NYSSA:

(FX: CLOSING DOOR) Don't tell me. You knew him personally.

DOCTOR:

A long time ago, [yes] – (REACTING) Oh.

NYSSA:

The stone fortress – that'd be Stockbridge Castle, I take it?

DOCTOR:

I presume so. It's all ruins now. (CORRECTING HIMSELF) Then.

NYSSA:

And the crowd of heavily armed medieval types with their jaws hanging open would be...?

DOCTOR:

Friendly. I hope. (ALoud) Hello! Please, don't be alarmed. I'm the Doctor, this is Nyssa.

NYSSA:

We're travellers. From a far-distant realm!

HUBERT:

(FX: TEN FEET OFF) Travellers. With a strange blue cart.

MAUD:

... They're demons! Demons, I tell you!

NYSSA:

Who said that?

MAUD:

I said it. Maud said it!

NYSSA:

Would that be Maud the Strumpet, or Maud the Withered?

(FX: CROWD GASPS)

MAUD:

You knows me?

NYSSA:

Only by reputation.

DOCTOR:
Nyssa, please.

NYSSA:
I'm making things worse, aren't I?

DOCTOR:
Rather. (ALoud) Now – I realise my cart is somewhat unorthodox, but I assure you it's all the rage in the Levant.

HUBERT:
Is that so?

DOCTOR:
I wonder, sire – by your finery – you wouldn't be Hubert, Earl of Mummerset, by any chance?

HUBERT:
I would. Fear not, Doctor, we Normans can easily tell a knight from a demon. Unlike this Saxon rabble!

YOKEL 1:
Who're you calling a rabble?

HUBERT:
Quiet! (TO DOCTOR) I know why you're here, Sir Doctor. And I wish you all the best, in your mission.

NYSSA:
Mission?

HUBERT:
Why, to rid my castle of its demons.

DOCTOR:
I'm not sure I believe in demons, sire.

HUBERT:
Neither did the fellow before you. I expect he's changed his mind now, though.

NYSSA:
I don't understand.

(FX: A DISTANT ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE – AS SUFFERED BY YAVUZ IN EARLIER SCENE)

MAUD:
There! There, I saw lightning!

DOCTOR:
Lightning?

MAUD:
There! On the battlements!

HUBERT:
Oh dear. Well, Sir Doctor: it would appear your chance will come very soon.

NYSSA:
His chance to what?

OSBERT:
(FX: FAR DISTANT – ON BATTLEMENTS) Please, no! Get away from me! No!

YOKEL 1:
(LAUGHING) Good old Osbert!

YOKEL 2:
(SHOUTING UP) Have you seen 'em, Osbert? Have you seen the demons?

NYSSA:
Osbert? Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Yes, I heard.

OSBERT:
(FROM ABOVE) Hear me, O Lord. I repent all (FX: A CRACKLE OF LIGHTNING; A SQUEAL FROM OSBERT) all my sins! You knows they've been many.

YOKEL 1:
He's going to jump!

YOKEL 2:
I knew he'd be a jumper.

NYSSA:
Osbert! Please, don't!

OSBERT:
Stealing my neighbour's mud! (FX: A CRACKLE; A SQUEAL)
Whistling on a Tuesday! O God in heaven, it's coming!

NYSSA:
No! Don't jump. Doctor, we've got to-!!!

OSBERT:
(SCREAMS, FALLS...)

(FX: SPLASHES INTO MOAT. AS HE THRASHES ABOUT:)

CROWD:
(BOOS)

NYSSA:
There's water?

DOCTOR:
A moat. A traditional feature of the medieval castle.

NYSSA:
Well, why didn't you say so?

HUBERT:
Pull him out! Let his cowardice shame him for the rest of his miserable life!

(FX: IN THE BACKGROUND, WE HEAR A WET OSBERT BEING EXTRICATED FROM THE MOAT)

YOKEL 1:
He's always been a coward, has Osbert. Brand him, I say! Brand him like the others! Then he'll remember.

YOKEL 2:
Yurr! Thieving beggar, he stole my mud!

HUBERT:
So be it. Take him to the smithy.

DOCTOR:
(WALKING OVER) There's no call for any punishment!

HUBERTL
No call?

NYSSA:
It won't make him any braver, will it?

HUBERT:
Your pageboy is right, noble Doctor. (CALLING OFF) Branding won't teach this fellow a lesson.

(FX: DISAPPOINTMENT FROM THE CROWD)

HUBERT:
Push him back in the moat and let him drown!

OSBERT:
(OFF) What? But I-

(FX: OSBERT IS PUSHED BACK INTO THE MOAT WITH A SPLASH AND A PROTEST. CHEER FROM THE CROWD.)

NYSSA:

No!!! That's barbaric!

HUBERT:

'Tis only in jest, boy: he'll be fished out and branded just like all the other failures. (CHANGING THE SUBJECT) Well, then. Doctor. I wish you all the best. You don't look much like a fighter to me, so I fear my hundred acres shall remain unclaimed at cockcrow. But one never knows, does one?

DOCTOR:

What hundred acres?

HUBERT:

You men, let them through! They're next!

NYSSA:

Doctor, I don't like the sound of this.

DOCTOR:

My lord, I think you've mistaken me for someone else.

HUBERT:

Don't tell me you've got cold feet already? Are you so hungry for the burning badge of cowardice?

(FX: OSBERT HAS BEEN FISHED OUT AGAIN AND IS BEING DRAGGED UNWILLINGLY AWAY)

YOKEL 1:

(FAR OFF) The smithy's this way, Osbert Mud-Stealer!

OSBERT:

(FAR OFF) Please! Please – don't brand me! Noooooo!

HUBERT:

Take up your sword, Doctor! Take your page! My demons await you both!

NYSSA:

Doctor, don't say you're going into that castle?

DOCTOR:

Right now, I don't see any alternative. Do you?

MAUD:

Doomed! Doomed! You're doooooooooomed!!! (INSANE CACKLE... INTO CLOSING THEME)

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

(NO REPRISE)

SCENE 11: INT. BLACKSMITHS' SHED

(FX: OSBERT BEING MANHANDLED IN BY 2 x YOKELS)

OSBERT:

Please, Jack, no! Not the branding iron!

YOKEL 2:

You's brought it on yerself, Osbert! Smithy – is your brand all hot and ready?

SMITHY:

Aye, which one?

OSBERT:

I gets a choice?

SMITHY:

This one – (FX: HISS OF BRAND STAMPING DOWN ON WOOD) – this one's me Poacher's brand. With a 'P' for 'Poacher', see? Here – (FX: HISS OF BRAND STAMPING DOWN ON WOOD) – this here's me Apostate's brand, with an 'A'.

OSBERT:

B-but I'm a coward!

SMITHY:

Nah, I hasn't got a 'K'. I got an 'R'. R's a bit like a 'K'.

YOKEL 1:

What's the 'R' for?

SMITHY:

(FX: STOKING FIRE) Cattle rustlers.

YOKEL 2:

He admitted to stealing my mud. I reckon that counts as rustling.

SMITHY:

Right-o. The 'Rustle brand' it is, then. Hold him down, men!

YOKELS 1 & 2:

Yurr!

OSBERT:

(WRITHING, HELD DOWN) Please! No!!!

SMITHY:

(FX: HISS OF APPROACHING BRAND) Look, I can make this quick and agonising, or slow and agonising. Which do you think's best?

HUBERT:

(OFF, JUST OUTSIDE) Hold there, smithy!

DOCTOR:

(WALKING IN) If you wouldn't mind.

SMITHY:

It's alright saying 'hold', my Lord Hubert, but me brand'll be going cold.

HUBERT:

Surely you have other irons in the fire?

NYSSA:

(BEHIND) A whole alphabet, it looks like.

YOKEL 1:

Yurr, except for a 'K'.

DOCTOR:

Quite. Osbert, isn't it?

OSBERT:

That's what they calls me.

HUBERT:

Ask him, Sir Doctor. But be quick about it: you have an appointment to keep in the keep. (WITH A LITTLE LAUGH) I say, that's rather good!

NYSSA:

Hilarious.

OSBERT:

Ask me what, Sir Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Osbert. I'm – well, I'm here to vanquish the demons.

NYSSA:

(CHIDING) Doctor. You know there's no such thing as demons.

OSBERT:

Yurr, that's what I thought. (FX: DUB OVER IDENTICAL DRAGON DIALOGUE FROM PREVIOUS EP – JUST A FAINT ECHO) But I was wrong. There was demons. In the castle. In the keep. Just like [she said –] (FX: FADE DUB)

NYSSA:

... Just like Maud said...

DOCTOR:

Quite. Now, Osbert, I think you saw something strange and extraordinary inside that castle.

OSBERT:

Oh no, sir. Just demons.

NYSSA:

This is pointless.

DOCTOR:

(SHARPLY) Thank you, Nyssa. The thing is, Osbert – the Earl of Mummerset here, he's agreed to let you go unbranded, if –

YOKELS & SMITHY:

(GROAN)

DOCTOR:

... if you'll agree to join me on my Quest, and show me what it was you saw in the castle?

OSBERT:

I isn't never going back there! Brand us, Smithy! Make it quick!

SMITHY:

(FX: HISS OF BRAND) Quick and agonising?

OSBERT:

Yurr, whatever! Just get on with it!

SMITHY:

Like you says.

HUBERT:

Wait!

YOKELS:

(GROAN)

HUBERT:

Ungrateful wretch, I've given you a chance of redemption!

OSBERT:

Redempt us all you like, there's no power in heaven or Earth could compel me to step foot inside that castle of fear again!

NYSSA:

You don't understand. The Doctor is a powerful knight, from far overseas. A friend of Sir Justin of Wells, in fact.

HUBERT:

Sir Justin of Wells?

DOCTOR:

Did you know him?

HUBERT:

(HURRIEDLY) Yes, yes, of course. Mighty Sir Justin.

DOCTOR:

He and I shared the same Quest, once.

NYSSA:

And conquered the demon Mel, er -

DOCTOR:

Melanicus. Well, it was Sir Justin did most of the conquering. But, yes, I suppose we did.

HUBERT:

Ah, now I know I've found my champion!

OSBERT:

So - so you've done a bit of this demon-conquering before, Sir Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I have, yes.

NYSSA:

On a regular basis.

OSBERT:

Well, then - I'm in! On one condition.

HUBERT:

You presume to set a condition?

OSBERT:

If I runs away again, Smithy here brands us proper, with a 'K'.

HUBERT:

(SIGHS) Yes.

OSBERT:

Don't care who thinks I'm a coward, but I hasn't been near no horses - right?

SCENE 12: EXT. CASTLE GATE (BY TARDIS)

(FX: COCK CROWS)

HUBERT:

(FX: WALKING OVER MUD) Dawn! And a sweeter day for an exorcism I cannot imagine, Sir Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(FX: FOLLOWING) The, ah, demons are no less active by daylight?

OSBERT:

(FX: FOLLOWING) Nurr, Stockbridge gets no brighter than dusk. Not these days.

NYSSA:

(FX: FOLLOWING) Of course not – (FX: SQUELCHING IN DUNG) Eurgh!

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING, CONCERNED) What is it? Nyssa?

OSBERT:

(EXCITED) That's horse's muck. That's lucky, that is!

NYSSA:

(DISTRACTED, TRYING TO WIPE SHOE ON GRASS) Not in these shoes it isn't.

DOCTOR:

(MILDLY IRRITATED) Yes, yes. Osbert: what did you mean, 'Stockbridge gets no brighter than dusk'?

OSBERT:

Well, what I says.

HUBERT:

I can't account for Saxon superstition, Sir Doctor, but that part is true. This cursed village sits permanently in a foggy slough.

DOCTOR:

Interesting. And that would be since –

OSBERT:

... since the demons came, yurr.

HUBERT:

(FX: RAPPING ON TARDIS DOOR) Here we are, Doctor. Your strange blue cart. Is this where you keep your arms?

DOCTOR:

In a manner of speaking.

OSBERT:

Arms'll do no good against demons. Relics, that's what you need!

NYSSA:

Relics?

OSBERT:

Holy relics, my lady. Nunses' collarbones. Monksees' jaws. That sort of thing.

HUBERT:

Clerical bodyparts won't aid a noble knight in battle, you stupid peasant. Swords, spears and spikenets, that's what Sir Doctor is fetching.

DOCTOR:

Actually, I was thinking more of –

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Come on, Doctor. Can't we just go?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) We can't.

HUBERT:

(TO OSBERT) There's a damn fearsome armoury Sir Doctor keeps in his blue cart, I'll be bound. Pikestaffs! Quarterstaffs! ... All sorts of, er, staffs.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) But I thought that's why –

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) ... we were headed back to the TARDIS? No.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Then why?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Whatever's inside that castle, I've no intention of meeting it at the front door.

OSBERT:

Dun't matter whichever staffs you picks. It's relics he wants. Relics, I tells you!

(THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA SPEAK OVER THE NEXT TWO SPEECHES)

HUBERT:

Really, the superstition of the peasantry gets worse and worse these days. Relics indeed! Next you'll be telling me we ought to consult a wise woman!

OSBERT:

Maud the Withered's a wise woman and she's always worth listening to...

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Wells Wood is just a few hundred yards away. You'll have to make a dash for it. And take Osbert with you.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Osbert! But-

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I won't stand by while a man is branded.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Of course, sorry. And then - what? We find the back door to the castle?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Something like that. Continue our investigations without this 'England for the Normans' idiot breathing down our necks.

HUBERT:

Come on, Sir Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(ALoud, DECISIVELY) My page. Take this craven peasant around the rearside of my cart and fetch me my sword.

OSBERT:

What, both of us for one sword?

DOCTOR:

(ALoud) And... my shield!

OSBERT:

Must be a blummen' mighty shield.

NYSSA:

Follow me, peasant! (FX: SHE AND OSBERT WALK AROUND THE REAR OF THE TARDIS)

HUBERT:

And that's all the armour you're taking?

DOCTOR:
I prefer to fight unencumbered.

HUBERT:
Yes, but still...

DOCTOR:
(CALLING OUT) Oh, and – page! Bring me my spear of burning gold! Bring me my, er, chariot of fire!

HUBERT:
That's more like it!

DOCTOR:
Isn't it. If you'll excuse me, sire – I'll just see what's taking them so long? (EXITS)

HUBERT:
Yes, of course. (CALLING AFTER) I trust you beat that page of yours good and often? Nightly after supper, that's best... (BEAT; TO SELF) Yes, a spear of burning gold, that's the business. A chariot of fire – (BEAT) I wonder what he means by 'burning gold'? I say, Sir Doctor... (FX: HE MOVES ROUND THE BACK OF THE TARDIS) Sir Doctor? Sir D– (SPOTS THE THREE OF THEM LEGGING IT INTO WELLS WOOD) Oi! You can't just run away!

DOCTOR:
(FX: DISTANT) (CALLING) Very sorry, sire – but this is a doomed quest! We're off after the Holy Grail instead! (TO NYSSA & OSBERT) Nyssa, Osbert – Run! (RUNS)

HUBERT:
(ALoud) Come back! You craven knight! Come back right this instant!

SCENE 13: EXT. WELLS WOOD (TRAP SITE)

(FX: DOCTOR, OSBERT & NYSSA RUSHING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH)

OSBERT:

(RUNNING) I doesn't know what you two is making so much fuss about. It's only a coward's brand.

NYSSA:

(STOPPING, CATCHING BREATH) 'Only'?

OSBERT:

(CATCHING BREATH) Yeah. Just make sure they don't spell nothing. I heard about a fellow over in the next valley who collected brands for thieving, witchcraft, indecency –

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING, TURNING) Will you two please hurry along? I daresay the Earl will have got some sort of posse together by now.

OSBERT:

Yurr. With pitchforks and that.

DOCTOR:

Quite. So I strongly suggest we put a little more distance between ourselves and the village, before we even begin to think of heading back.

NYSSA:

(TO OSBERT) How much further is it to the river?

OSBERT:

Mile or two east, I'd say.

DOCTOR:

Excellent idea, Nyssa! We'll walk the river a while, that way they won't be able to follow our footsteps!

NYSSA:

Yes, and I'll be able to clean my shoes.

DOCTOR:

That's settled, then. (FX: TURNING, STRIDING OFF) Osbert, Nyssa – best foot forw[ard-] (FALLING)

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, A CRACK! AS THE GROUND GIVES WAY BENEATH HIS FEET – HE'S WALKED OVER A PIT TRAP, LAID OVER WITH REEDS. THUMPS ONTO GROUND TEN FEET BELOW)

NYSSA:

(RUSHING TO EDGE OF PIT) Doctor!!!

OSBERT:

Boar trap, that is. You want to mind that.

DOCTOR:

(BELOW, WINDED, CALLING UP) Yes, thank you, Osbert. A little late, but thank you all the same.

NYSSA:

(CALLING DOWN) Doctor, are you injured?

DOCTOR:

I seem to have torn my coat. (SCRAMBLING TO FEET) But not injured, no.

NYSSA:

Well, that's a relief.

DOCTOR:

(FX: FAILING TO SCRAMBLE UP SIDES OF PIT – SODDEN EARTH GIVING WAY) Actually, I'm rather fond of this coat. But still, nothing a needle and thread won't cure – (GIVING UP) Oh, this is hopeless! The ground's so sodden it's giving way when I try to gain a hold.

OSBERT:

That'll be the fog we've been having.

(FX: INTERRUPTING, OFF, SNORT OF WILD BOAR)

NYSSA:

Quiet! I heard something.

OSBERT:

I din't hear nothing. Mind you, me ears is still full of water from the moat.

DOCTOR:

The Earl's posse, I daresay.

NYSSA:

No, no. More like –

(FX: ANOTHER WILD BOAR SNORT, OFF. PERHAPS PAWING GROUND)

NYSSA:

There! There it is again. Like – oh, I don't know. An animal.

OSBERT:

It weren't a sound like – (IMITATES WILD BOAR SNORT)

NYSSA:

Yes, that's it exactly! (IMITATES WILD BOAR SNORT)

(FX: ANSWERED BY A MORE MENACING WILD BOAR SNORT, CLOSER TO)

OSBERT:
Ohhh.

NYSSA:
Why, what is it?

DOCTOR:
I hate to be obvious, but if this is a boar trap –

OSBERT:
It is.

DOCTOR:
... there must be wild boars in the woods.

OSBERT:
Mummerset Blacks, yurr.

NYSSA:
Boars? But they're just pigs, aren't they?

DOCTOR:
Pigs with tusks.

OSBERT:
Angry pigs, and all.

DOCTOR:
Nyssa, take Osbert and get away from here.

NYSSA:
We can't just leave you!

DOCTOR:
I'll follow on as best I can. Just – *go!!!*

(FX: CHORUS OF SIX OR SO BOAR SNORTS, GETTING CLOSER)

NYSSA:
They're getting closer!

OSBERT:
Rounding us up. Clever swine, these.

NYSSA:
You're not wrong, Osbert.

OSBERT:
After three, sir?

(FX: THE BOARS CHARGE, BREAKING UNDERGROWTH)

NYSSA:
Three!!!

(CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 14: EXT. WELLS WOOD (DEEP FOREST)

(FX: NYSSA AND OSBERT FLEEING 6 x HEAVILY SNORTING WILD BOARS – CRASHING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH)

OSBERT:

(RUNNING) Hurry, lad! The river! We got to clean your shoes!

NYSSA:

(RUNNING) That's the least of our worries right now. They're gaining on us!

OSBERT:

(RUNNING) You don't understand. The horse's muck's in their nostrils! They think's you're a gelding! Mummerset Blacks, they'll bring down anything!

NYSSA:

(RUNNING) So it's my shoes they're after?

OSBERT:

(RUNNING) That's what I'm saying!

NYSSA:

(STOPPING) Well, I wish you'd be clearer about it.

OSBERT:

(RUNNING TO HALT) What you doing? They'll have us any moment.

NYSSA:

(REMOVING SHOE) Correction. They'll have my shoe. (THROWING SHOE) Here, piggy piggies!

(FX: FRENZIED SNORTS AS THE BOARS CHANGE DIRECTION, FOLLOWING SHOE. EXCITED SNORTS AS THEY FIGHT OVER IT, RUNNING OVER:)

OSBERT:

(CATCHING BREATH) Yurr, isn't you clever for a page!

NYSSA:

I am not a page. I am Nyssa of Traken! (CALLING AFTER PIGS) Here, you might as well have the other. (THROWS OTHER SHOE)

OSBERT:

What – a Lady in britches?

NYSSA:

It's all the rage in the Levant. Come on. (MOVING OFF)

OSBERT:

(FOLLOWING) Where's we going now?

NYSSA:

Back to the boar trap. (FX: TREADING ON BRAMBLES) Ow! Owww!

OSBERT:

Yurr, you doesn't want to go treading on brambles, my Lady. Specially not in bare feet.

NYSSA:

Ohh, I hate the twelfth century!

OSBERT:

Piggyback?

NYSSA:

(ALARMED) Where?

OSBERT:

(PATTING OWN BACK) Here, my Lady. Hop on!

NYSSA:

Oh. Oh, I see. (MOUNTING OSBERT) Thank you, Osbert.

OSBERT:

My pleasure, my Lady. (FX: BEGINS TO MOVE OFF) Mind your feet in my face, though. They still stinks a bit. No more'n most peasants' feet, mind. (LAUGHS)

NYSSA:

(LAUGHING) Well, only if you're sure.

(FX: AS BEFORE, DUB OVER FAINT ECHO OF IDENTICAL DIALOGUE FROM PREVIOUS EP:)

OSBERT:

I knows my place, my Lady. And I'd rather be a peasant than a serf.

NYSSA:

What's the [difference-?] (FX: CUT DUB) What's the... (NYSSA TRAILS OFF, HAVING A DÉJÀ VU MOMENT).

OSBERT:

My lady?

NYSSA:

I just thought... Those words. I've heard them before... (SNAPPING OUT OF IT) Never mind. Come on. We'd best get back to the Doctor.

(FX: FADE AS THEY MOVE AWAY)

SCENE 15: EXT. WELLS WOOD (TRAP SITE)

(FX: SOMEONE APPROACHING TRAP THROUGH UNDERGROWTH)

DOCTOR:

(IN PIT, CALLING OUT) Nyssa? Nyssa, is that you?

MAUD:

(STOPPING, PEERING DOWN) Ho, what's this? A boar in his trap?

DOCTOR:

Maud the Withered. I'm not a boar.

MAUD:

Depends what kind of boar you means. Fare thee well, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Wait! Where are you going?

MAUD:

Back to the village, Doctor. I told you you was doomed – and doomed you are. Doomed!!!

DOCTOR:

Yes, you did. But if you'd just fetch a branch, or something, I'd really appreciate it.

MAUD:

Sure you would. But I got my reputation to consider.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry?

MAUD:

I lets you out, and people sees you walking around, they'll say, that Maud the Withered, she ain't got the sight. She be nothing but a mad old crone. (BEGINS LAUGHING)

DOCTOR:

Well, I hardly think that [justifies leaving me here] -

MAUD:

(CATCHING BREATH) On the other hand, if they finds you a rotting skellington in a boar trap, they'll say, that Maud the Withered, ain't she the wise old bird. She said he was doomed – and so he was!

DOCTOR:

I see your problem. What if – what if I promised to doom myself just as soon as I'm out of the pit?

MAUD:

(SUSPICIOUS) And how're you gonna do that, exactly?

DOCTOR:

Well, by returning to the castle? After all – you didn't see me dying in a boar-trap, did you?

MAUD:

Well...

DOCTOR:

You saw me dead by a demon's hand, didn't you?

MAUD:

You wants me to save you from certain death, so's you can go and face certain death?

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't have put it quite like that.

MAUD:

Either you's the bravest knight I've ever met, or there's a village has lost its idiot. (MOVING OFF) Branch you wanted, was it?

DOCTOR:

Yes, thank you!

MAUD:

(OFF) Oak do you?

DOCTOR:

Perfect.

MAUD:

(FX: DRAGGING OAK BRANCH OVER) Here you go.

DOCTOR:

Right. Brace yourself.

MAUD:

Ah, reckon I can take your weight of a pasty rogue like you. You looks like you was the runt of your litter.

DOCTOR:

(HAULING HIMSELF UP) That's not strictly true.

MAUD:

(URGENT) Me hand, take me hand.

DOCTOR:

(SCRABBLING OUT OF PIT) Thank you. (BRUSHING HIMSELF DOWN)
Thank you very much. Now, um – which way to the river? That's
where Nyssa was heading.

MAUD:

Your page? Chased by boars, was he? You don't have to worry
about 'im. Im's got away.

DOCTOR:

We don't know that.

MAUD:

Yes we does.

DOCTOR:

The gift of second sight? I think I'd prefer something more
concrete.

(FX: RETURNING WILD BOAR SNORTS OFF)

MAUD:

'Tisn't the sight, Sir Doctor. Them boars is coming back to the
trap.

DOCTOR:

Which means?

MAUD:

Which means – them's still hungry. Them hasn't eaten!

(FX: MORE BOAR SNORTS)

DOCTOR:

Boars don't eat people, Maud. That I promise you.

MAUD:

Mummerset Blacks'll eat anything. Bears, deer, horses, Doctors...

(FX: CHARGING BOARS)

DOCTOR:

Perhaps you're right. I never did have much time for crashing
boars. Run!!!

(FX: THEY RUN)

SCENE 16: EXT. WOODLAND TRACK

(FX: OSBERT HUFFS AND PUFFS, CARRYING NYSSA. THEY BREAK THROUGH BRACKEN, ARRIVING AT A TRACK)

NYSSA:

So much for your sense of direction, Osbert! Where are we now?

OSBERT:

(EXHAUSTED) Looks like the road into Stockbridge, my lady. Can I put you down now?

NYSSA:

Yes, I suppose so. (DISMOUNTING BUSINESS)

OSBERT:

Gettin' used to that, weren't you?

NYSSA:

I wouldn't choose it as my principal means of transportation, but...

YOKEL 1:

(OFF, A MINUTE AWAY DOWN ROAD) There they be!

SMITHY:

(DITTO) Let's geddem!

(FX: 2 x YOKELS RUNNING FORWARD...)

NYSSA:

Oh, no.

OSBERT:

Pitchforks, I told you. Aww, me puff's all gone. Leave us here, my lady. You runs for it.

NYSSA:

You can't fight them, Osbert!

OSBERT:

I wasn't planning to. On accounts of my being a coward. You'll be fine.

NYSSA:

Without shoes? I won't get a hundred metres.

(FX: 4 x HORSES APPROACHING FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION, CARRYING 4 x KNIGHTS IN HEAVY CLANKING ARMOUR)

OSBERT:

(SEEING THIS) ... but maybe you won't have to! Behind you!

NYSSA:

What are they? Knights?

OSBERT:

Knights on horseback! Act the damsel, my lady!

NYSSA:

And how do I do that, exactly?

OSBERT:

Flash 'em your feet! It's a well-known fact, knights'll do anything at a lady's feet!

NYSSA:

Oh well, I'll try anything once.

(FX: HORSES DRAW TO A HALT. SNORT)

NYSSA:

B-brave Sir Knight. Help me!

ROLAND:

(FX: FLICKING UP VISOR. AGAIN, HE'S WEARING HEAVY CLANKING ARMOUR — WE SHOULD HEAR THIS CONSISTENTLY) (THICK FRENCH ACCENT) And how may I help you, my lady?

OSBERT:

There! What did I tell you: 'my lady'.

ROLAND:

Britches or no britches, only a lady would turn out such a dainty heel. Eh, comrades?

(FX: 3 x HELMETED GUFFAWS FROM 3 x OTHER KNIGHTS)

NYSSA:

I am Nyssa of Traken. This man is my servant.

YOKEL 1:

(RUNNING TO HALT) Hoy! You! Knights! You gives those fellows back to us!

ROLAND:

And what is it you want with these 'fellows'?

SMITHY:

Gonna brand 'em, like!

ROLAND:

Is this true, Nyssa of Traken?

NYSSA:

(TO ROLAND) Unfortunately. There's been a terrible misunderstanding.

ROLAND:
You! Yokel!

YOKEL 1/SMITHY (TOGETHER):
Who, me?

ROLAND:
No, no, the one with the boils.

YOKEL 1/SMITHY (TOGETHER):
Who, me?

ROLAND:
(ANGRY, COMMANDING) One of you, step forward!

YOKEL 1:
Alright, alright. Keep your codpiece on.

ROLAND:
Tell me, yokel – on whose authority would you maim a lady of Traken?

YOKEL 1:
Eh?

ROLAND:
(FX: DRAWING SWORD – SHINK!) On whose authority?!?

YOKEL 1:
H-Hubert, Earl of Mummerset.

ROLAND:
'Hubert, Earl of Mummerset.' You are men of Stockbridge?

YOKEL 1/SMITHY:
Yurr./Yurr!

ROLAND:
And is it true that Stockbridge is plagued by demons, my Lady?

NYSSA:
So they say.

YOKEL 1:
It's true! Don't listen to her – she's most likely a witch!

ROLAND:
Approach, peasant. (YOKEL DOES SO) Now – hold still...

NYSSA:
(REALISING WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN) No – don't!!!

ROLAND:
(EFFORT) (FX: SINKS SWORD INTO YOKEL 1)

YOKEL 1:
(DEATH GARGLE)

OSBERT:
Cor, nasty. Right in the breadbasket.

(FX: YOKEL 1'S BODY FLOPS TO GROUND. PITCHFORK CLATTERS)

NYSSA:
That was entirely unnecessary!

ROLAND:
I shall be the judge of that, my lady. You – other yokel!

SMITHY:
(TURNING, RUNNING) Don't worry, I'm going, I'm going!

ROLAND:
(CALLING AFTER HIM) Go! Tell Hubert, Earl of Mummerset his authority here is rescinded. Roland of Brittany brings God's authority to Stockbridge now!

SCENE 17: EXT. WELLS WOOD (BY HOLLOW OAK)

(FX: SNORTING BOARS CHASING THE DOCTOR AND MAUD THROUGH FOREST)

MAUD:
(RUNNING) The oak tree, Sir Doctor! Make for the oak!

DOCTOR:
(RUNNING) And climb it! Yes! Excellent idea!

MAUD:
(RUNNING TO HALT) I didn't mean climb it – I meant get into it. Come on! In! In!

DOCTOR:
(STOPPED) In – where?

MAUD:
In that opening there, cretin! The oak's hollow!

DOCTOR:
(PEERING INTO OPENING IN TREE) It's cramped, rather.

MAUD:
Ain't it. (SHOVING HIM THROUGH) In!

(CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 18: INT. HOLLOW OAK/SECRET TUNNEL

MAUD:

(CLAMBERING AFTER DOCTOR) Give us a hand, then. I ain't as young nor as skinny as you.

DOCTOR:

(HELPING HER THROUGH OPENING) Yes, yes. Absolutely. Here.

MAUD:

Thank ye.

(FX: SNORTING OUTSIDE; BOARS BUTTING THE TREE)

DOCTOR:

So – what now, Maud the Withered? Wait 'til the boars butt their way in?

MAUD:

Can't be going back out now – Yurr, mind the steps, won't ye?

DOCTOR:

Steps? What ste– [ps] (FALLS; TUMBLING DOWN ROUGH STEPS)

MAUD:

(IN TIME WITH DOCTOR'S TUMBLING) Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

DOCTOR:

(AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS) Oww.

MAUD:

(STEPPING DOWN ROUGH STEPS: WE TRAVEL WITH HER, HEARING THE ATMOSPHERE CHANGE TO A SUBTERRANEAN TUNNEL) Warned ye, didn't I?

DOCTOR:

(PAINED) Yes, yes you did.

MAUD:

You'll need nettles on that shoulder now.

DOCTOR:

What good will nettles do?

MAUD:

Sting won't half take your mind off the bruising. (CACKLES)

DOCTOR:

That's what passes for complementary medicine in the twelfth century, I suppose. (FX: PATTING POCKETS) One moment.

MAUD:

What're you doing now?

DOCTOR:

(FX: RATTLING MATCHBOX) A little light, perhaps? (FX: FLARE OF MATCH) That's better. Please, don't be alarmed. It's not magic.

MAUD:

(UNIMPRESSED) You can say that again. Magic'd be conjuring up a torch.

DOCTOR:

Ah. Yes. A torch. Good idea.

MAUD:

(UNHOOKING TORCH FROM WALL) ... like this?

DOCTOR:

Splendid. (FX: WHOMP AS HE LIGHTS TORCH) So. Some sort of — underground causeway?

MAUD:

Hollow oak's been here one thousand summers, they says.

DOCTOR:

Since Roman times! Yes. There's graffiti, on the roots.

MAUD:

(UNIMPRESSED) Them scribbles, you mean. Yurr, I seen 'em.

DOCTOR:

(READING) 'Veni'. I came. 'Vidi' I saw. 'Viridios'. Viridios?

MAUD:

Viridios. The spirit of the trees. The Green Man. He's been here in Wells Wood longer'n people. He's got power, Viridios. Power over nature.

DOCTOR:

A highly localised pagan cult! Interesting.

MAUD:

(TURNING) You coming, or what?

DOCTOR:

(SCRABBLING AFTER HER) This, er — this isn't what you wanted to show me?

MAUD:

(WALKING) Got nothing to do with nothing, Viridios hasn't. It's where this tunnel leads you'll want to see.

DOCTOR:

And where does this tunnel lead, Maud the Withered?

MAUD:

You'll see. (CACKLES) You'll see alright! (MORE CACKLES)

SCENE 19: EXT. CASTLE GATE

SMITHY:

(OFF, RUNNING UP) Lord Hubert! Lord Hubert! Knights coming!

HUBERT:

Idiot Smithy, it's not yet mid-day.

SMITHY:

Ker-nights, Lord Hubert. Four of 'em! On the road in! Frenchies, like yourself!

HUBERT:

(ALARMED) What, Normandy knights?

SMITHY:

The big one, he killed Jasper. Stuck him right in the breadbox!

HUBERT:

Yes, well, never mind that.

SMITHY:

Said to tell you your authority here was rescinded. Said Roland of Brittany brings God's authority to Stockbridge now!

(FX: 4 x HORSES APPROACHING, BRINGING KNIGHTS)

HUBERT:

Roland of Brittany? Who the devil's Roland of Brittany?

SMITHY:

He is!!!

(FX: HORSES GALLOPING TO HALT)

ROLAND:

(SLIGHTLY OFF, CALLING ALOUD) Where is Hubert, Earl of Mummieset? I demand an audience with Hubert, Earl of Mummieset!

SMITHY:

(CALLING) This is him here!

HUBERT:

(GRITTED TEETH) Yes, thank you, Smithy. (ALoud) I am he!

ROLAND:

(TO KNIGHTS, OFF) Bring the lady of Traken. (FX: DISMOUNTS THROUGH:)

HUBERT:

Lady of where? (BEAT) You! Sir Doctor's pageboy!

NYSSA:

(STEPPING FORWARD) Lord Hubert. I recommend you co-operate with these men.

HUBERT:

(SCOFFING) I am an Earl of Normandy! Of course I shall "co-operate" – (GRABBED BY THROAT) Glurk!

ROLAND:

Norman of distant descent, perhaps. But whatever noble blood once ran in your veins, sire, I sense is well-diluted.

NYSSA:

Roland of Brittany! Put him down! Please!

ROLAND:

It is fortunate for you, Lord Hubert, that a noble Knight of Brittany may not disregard a Lady's command! (LETS GO)

HUBERT:

(GASPING) Thank... thank you.

ROLAND:

So – this is the castle plagued by demons?

HUBERT:

I have sent word, far and wide, but as yet none has arrived that could cleanse it.

ROLAND:

Yes, we heard. One hundred acres of woodland, I believe, was the price?

HUBERT:

For any man who can exorcise these spirits, yes.

ROLAND:

(EXPLOSIVELY) I knew it! You, 'sire', are as corrupt and ungodly as the demons that have evicted you!

SCENE 20: INT. SECRET TUNNEL

(FX: MAUD LEADING DOCTOR DOWN SODDEN STONE PASSAGE. FLARING TORCH. DRIPPING WATER)

DOCTOR:

(WALKING) ... this passage must run underneath the castle moat.

MAUD:

(WALKING) Any idiot could tell that from the wetness of the walls. Why was it dug, eh? Tell me that.

DOCTOR:

As a means of preventing besiegement, I should imagine. Every well appointed castle should have its own secret passageway.

MAUD:

(CACKLING) Wrong, fool! Besiegement my ears! Old Earl used it to smuggle village strumpets in and out of the castle, under the nose of his wife – that's why it was built.

DOCTOR:

Oh. Yes. Still...

MAUD:

Maud the Withered weren't always withered, you know. Used to be as pretty a trollop as there was, in me day. Afore the pox caught us, yurr!

DOCTOR:

Does the young Earl know about this passage?

MAUD:

Didn't have no interest in strumpets when he departed Stockbridge. Too young he was. Sold into the Lionheart's army, poor lamb.

DOCTOR:

The old Earl sold his son?

MAUD:

Good as. He was a wrong 'un, alright, the Old Earl. Brimstone fell upon the Castle the night he died, nine months back. The Devil coming to Earth for his own!

DOCTOR:

Brimstone?

(FX: FADE UP SOUND OF TURNING WATERMILL, HEARD THROUGH THE WALL, AS THEY APPROACH)

MAUD:

Ask anyone. Great hellish fireball came, shooting over the battlements. That night, the old Earl wuz found dead in his bathtub. Then was the lightning, and the terrible sounds of demons about their infernal business. The servants fled. Soon after, all the fish died in the River Stock.

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) What's that noise?

MAUD:

Castle waterwheel, that's all. (WALKS ON)

DOCTOR:

Why would demons keep the waterwheel turning?

MAUD:

S'pose demons has to wash, same as the rest of us. (FX: FADING INTO DISTANCE) Come – onward, Sir Doctor! Onward to your doooooom! (CACKLES)

SCENE 21: EXT. CASTLE GATE

NYSSA:

Corrupt? I don't understand, Sir Roland?

ROLAND:

(RANTING) Is it any wonder, my Lady, that demons gather in such a place? A place of bribery and corruption, where demonic infestation may only be rooted out by auction!

HUBERT:

Well, I wouldn't put it quite that way myself.

ROLAND:

Luckily, sire, we are true and noble knights. Paladins, successors to the Peers of the Emperor Charlemagne himself!

SMITHY:

Oh, he's *that* Roland of Brittany.

HUBERT:

You've heard of him, Smithy?

SMITHY:

Yurr. *The Song of Roland*, that's a great one with the minstrels.

HUBERT:

Well, I've never heard it.

SMITHY:

(TO ROLAND) So you'd be direct in line from the Roland who made his final stand against heathen forces at the Battle of Roncevaux Pass?

ROLAND:

I would. My comrades likewise – Samson, Engelier and Ganelon!

(FX: CLANKS. HORSE SNORTS AND FOOT STAMPING TO FIT)

SMITHY:

Cor!

HUBERT:

What're you fawning over him for? I thought he killed Jasper!

SMITHY:

Yurr, but that's afore I knew he was famous.

NYSSA:

(PIPING UP) Well then, Sir Roland, hadn't you and your knights better get on your heroic quest?

ROLAND:

We shall, Nyssa of Traken, we shall. But first, Lord Hubert, there is the matter of our expenses.

HUBERT:

E-expenses?

ROLAND:

Saddlery. Armoury. Weaponry. General administrative costs. It all adds up – does it not, my knights?

KNIGHTS:

(3 x HELMETED MURMURS OF AGREEMENT) (FX: CLANKS)

NYSSA:

(CYNICAL) Oh yes. Adds up to what?

ROLAND:

Four thousand gold pieces.

HUBERT:

I don't have that!

ROLAND:

What, you flinch at the cost of ridding your castle of demons?

HUBERT:

I-it's not that.

ROLAND:

Ah, but perhaps we have got it wrong. Perhaps a man could only suffer such a visitation if he was possessed by demons himself! Perhaps we should begin, sire, by purging you?

HUBERT:

M-me?

ROLAND:

By fire. Is the best way. (CALLING OFF) Samson, fetch brushwood! Engelier, Ganelon – build a stakes!

HUBERT:

No, no – wait. I do not have coffers, sir Knight. But I may yet extract an added tithe from my peasantry.

SMITHY:

Not another tithe!

HUBERT:

Shut up, serf. (TO ROLAND) Say – four hundred gold pieces a year, payable over ten years?

ROLAND:

(SNIFFS) Five hundred over the same period. That is acceptable.

3 x KNIGHTS:

(MURMUR ASSENT)

HUBERT:

Five hundred? But you said –

NYSSA:

It's called 'interest', sire. It's very modern.

HUBERT:

Very well. The castle gate's that way.

ROLAND:

Well then – move!

HUBERT:

Oh no, you're the experts. Best you just get on with it.

ROLAND:

... and you know the Castle buildings, inside and out. You're coming with us.

HUBERT:

N-no.

ROLAND:
Engelier, Ganelon – mace!!!

HUBERT:
Oh, alright then. But the so-called Lady comes too!

NYSSA:
I don't think so!

ROLAND:
It is true, demons may be drawn to such a paragon. And once drawn out of the shadows, we may smite them!

NYSSA:
This is ridiculous!

ROLAND:
Samson, hold her!

OSBERT:
(ARRIVING) Making friends already, my Lady? Did I miss much?

HUBERT:
Ah! The cowardly yokel! He's met the demons, he'd be useful. Osbert, isn't it?

ROLAND:
Ganelon – seize him.

(FX: HORSE SNORTS, GANELON SEIZES OSBERT)

OSBERT:
Oi! I just came back for my branding, that's all!

NYSSA:
(SOTTO) What are you playing at, Lord Hubert?

HUBERT:
(SOTTO) The more bodies in the Castle, my 'Lady', the less chance I have of falling victim to the demons. Safety in numbers!

NYSSA:
(SOTTO) It's not Osbert who should be branded for cowardice – it's you!

ROLAND:
(FX: MOUNTING HORSE) Onward! On! The Quest begins!

SCENE 22: INT. CASTLE CELLARS

(FX: SCRAPING OF IRON STORM DRAIN SHIFTING. PAUSE)

MAUD:

(OFF) Put something more into it. S'only a storm drain. Sir Runt!

DOCTOR:

(OFF, EFFORT) I am not a — (FX: STORM DRAIN SHIFTS) ... runt!

(FX: CLATTER OF DRAIN LID)

DOCTOR:

(EMERGING FROM DRAIN) There. Now, where are we? Some sort of — dungeon?

MAUD:

(OFF, CLAMBERING UP. DERISIVELY) Dungeon! Kitchens, this is! Why else you think they got wine barrels in here, eh? Now, give us your hand.

(FX: RAT SQUEAKS, SCURRIES)

DOCTOR:

(HELPING MAUD OUT, EFFORT) There. (BRUSHING HIS HANDS) Wine barrels, yes. And an oven, I see. (TRIES FINGER — SNATCHES IT BACK) Ah! Still warm.

MAUD:

(FX: DIPS A LADLE IN BARREL, SNIFFING THE WINE AS SHE DOES SO) Mmm, elderberries. (SMACKS LIPS) Nice. Reminds me of mother.

(FX: AS MAUD STIRS, SOMETHING BOBS UP IN BARREL, BREAKING THE SURFACE)

MAUD:

(SCREAMS & DROPS THE LADLE ON THE FLOOR)

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING OVER) Maud? What is it?

MAUD:

(WHIMPERING) There's someone — someone in the wine.

(BEAT; DOCTOR INSPECTS BARREL)

DOCTOR:

Yes. Dead some time, by the looks of it.

MAUD:

Here, I knows him! I knows his face! 'Tis the heathen fellow!

DOCTOR:

Sorry?

MAUD:

Yavuz, that's him. The young Earl's man. The Turkish Knight!

DOCTOR:

Did you say 'Turkish Knight'?

(FX: DUB OVER FAINT ECHO OF DOCTOR AND NYSSA, AT END OF SC. 3, SAYING: 'A Turkish Knight!' THEN CUT DEAD)

MAUD:

(SQUEAKS) He blinked! Heaven help me, he blinked!

DOCTOR:

There's no life in him, Maud. Trust me.

YAVUZ:

(EXHALES HEAVILY)

DOCTOR:

Well, there *wasn't*.

(FX: YAVUZ RISING OUT OF WINE BARREL, SPLASHING)

MAUD:

A revenant! Save us, Sir Doctor! Save us!

DOCTOR:

I suggest you take a step backwards, Maud.

MAUD:

Why? You going to kill it?

DOCTOR:

Him, Maud, *him*. And no, I'm not going to kill him: I'm going to talk to him. (CLEARS THROAT) Hello, Yavuz. I'm the Doctor.

YAVUZ:

(POSSESSED. AS HE SPEAKS, WATER GUSHES FROM HIS MOUTH)
Experimental subject seven. Experiment – resistance to drowning. Subject endures.

(FX: OFF, OVEN DOOR SWINGS OPEN)

MAUD:

There's another! In the oven!

DOCTOR:

What?

YAVUZ 2:

(STEPPING OUT OF OVEN) Experimental subject five. Experiment – resistance to slow heat exposure. Subject endures.

MAUD:

They're the same! Both of em, the same!

DOCTOR:

Well, one's looking rather more burnt than the other, but – yes, it would appear so. (TO YAVUZ 2:) Who are you? What are you doing here?

MAUD:

I ain't staying here to listen to you talking to these demons! I'm leaving. (FX: OPENS CREAKING DOOR) The courtyard's up here.

YAVUZ 1:

Experiment interrupted. Experimental supervisor alerted and in transit.

DOCTOR:

Maud! Not so fast. I don't think these two are the only ones here.

MAUD:

Think what you like, I'm getting out of here.

(FX: SHE FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR TO BE MET BY A DISCHARGE OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY... AS SUFFERED BY YAVUZ IN PART ONE. OFF, MAUD SCREAMS, DIES)

DOCTOR:

Maud! (STRIDES TOWARDS DOORWAY)

(FX: FIZZING, CRACKLING SOUND APPROACHING: A RUTAN BOBBING THROUGH DOOR, IN FACT)

YAVUZ 2:

Supervisor approaching.

DOCTOR:

Yes, so I see.

(FX: FIZZING LOUDER, HOVERING BESIDE THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

So. You're the demon of Stockbridge Castle, are you?

(FX: FLICKERING OF CHARGED TENTACLES)

DOCTOR:

Yes, I'd sooner you kept those tendrils away, if you don't mind. I know what they can do.

RUTAN:

You know our kind?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I've met your kind before. I name you, 'demon'. I name you – Rutan!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE: INT. CASTLE CELLARS

(FX: FIZZING LOUDER, HOVERING BESIDE THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

So. The demon of Stockbridge Castle, is it?

(FX: FLICKERING OF CHARGED TENTACLES)

DOCTOR:

Yes, I'd sooner you kept those tendrils away, if you don't mind. I know what they can do.

RUTAN:

You know our kind?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I've met your kind before. I name you, 'demon'. I name you – Rutan!

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

SCENE 23: INT. CASTLE CELLARS

RUTAN:

(FX: ANXIOUS TENTACLES) *Then... you must not be of this Earth – not human!*

DOCTOR:

No, I suppose I mustn't.

RUTAN:

Experimental subject seven – restrain this alien!

YAVUZ 1:

(SHUFFLING FORWARD) *Yes, drone leader.*

DOCTOR:

Why so agitated, Rutan? (HIS ARM PINNED BACK BY YAVUZ 1) Aaah! Do I scare you?

RUTAN:

A drone leader of the mighty Rutan Empire does not scare!

DOCTOR:

(PAINED) *Then why get your clones to restrain me? (BEAT; REALISATION) Clones. Why clones? Metamorphosis: that's the Rutan way, isn't it?*

RUTAN:

Subject five – reseal heat source!

YAVUZ 2:

(FX: SHUFFLING TO CLOSE OVEN DOOR) Yes, drone leader.

DOCTOR:

The oven. Yes, I remember now. Coming from an ice world, you've no tolerance for heat. That explains the mist! You concocted it in order to lower the local temperature!

RUTAN:

You have encountered our kind before!

DOCTOR:

Oh yes. Your mortal enemies, too. The Sontarans!

RUTAN:

(SPARKING) Genetically degenerate space trolls who dare challenge the might of the Rutan Empire!

DOCTOR:

Careful, you're sparking. I suppose that's the Rutan equivalent of frothing at the mouth. (A SUDDEN THOUGHT) Oh, so that's what you're doing here!

RUTAN:

I do not understand.

DOCTOR:

The West Country? End of the twelfth century? You're on the trail of the Sontarans, aren't you? Well, of one Sontaran in particular. Commander Jingo Linx!

RUTAN:

(A BIT PANICKY) A Commander of the Sontaran Space Fleet – is in this region?!?

DOCTOR:

You don't mean you didn't know?

YAVUZES (TOGETHER):

(BABBLE SUDDENLY, AS IF SPEAKING IN TONGUES)

DOCTOR:

I say, are your clones quite alright?

RUTAN:

Report. Report!!!

YAVUZ 1:

There is – renewed activity.

YAVUZ 2:

At the castle gate.

SCENE 24: EXT. CASTLE GATE

(FX: CHAINS DRAGGED OFF)

ROLAND:

Engelier, Samson – ready the horses! We use chains to drag down the portcullis!

(FX: 2 x KNIGHTS CLANK OFF, CARRYING CHAINS. WHINNYING OFF)

NYSSA:

Is that wise, Roland of Brittany?

ROLAND:

Ah. Fear not, Nyssa of Traken – these are mighty warhorses, not the feeble geldings native to this country. They can take the strain!

NYSSA:

What I meant was, has it occurred to you that rather than keeping us out, the portcullis might be keeping the demons in?

HUBERT:

You believe in the demons, then?

NYSSA:

I wasn't talking to you, Hubert.

OSBERT:

I seen 'em, I tells you. Pulsating with emerald fire, with flails of lightning!

NYSSA:

Or you, Osbert!

OSBERT:

Sorry, my Lady. Sorry!

ROLAND:

And how precisely might a portcullis keep a demon in? (FX: PORTCULLIS RAISING OFF) Wait! Wait until I give the order!

NYSSA:

Sir Roland: I don't think your men are responsible for the portcullis. It seems to be opening of its own accord!

ROLAND:

Release the horses! It is raising from the inside!

HUBERT:

By some... supernatural agency. (CROSSING HIMSELF) Oh, God in Heaven!

NYSSA:

You realise what this means?

ROLAND:

Why, that we may ride through, and vanquish these demons!

(CALLING TO KNIGHTS) Onward! On!!!

KNIGHTS:

(3 x ROARS OF ASSENT)

NYSSA:

(SHOUTING TO MAKE HERSELF HEARD) No, it doesn't! It means — Oh, what's the use?

OSBERT:

Means them demons knows we's coming!

SCENE 25: INT. CASTLE CELLARS

YAVUZES:

(BABBLING)

RUTAN:

(TO YAVUZES) Inform your clone-kin to draw the knights into the courtyard!

YAVUZES:

(BEGIN BABBLING AGAIN)

DOCTOR:

Is that wise, drone leader? What if these knights come *en masse*?

RUTAN:

(CRACKLING) Then they shall be destroyed together!

SCENE 26: EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

(FX: 4 x HORSES CLOPPING IN ON COBBLES)

ROLAND:

(FX: REINING IN HORSE) Whoa! (FX: OTHERS STOP) My Lord Hubert: what is it, there? On the cobbles?

HUBERT:

Can't see. This infernal fog!

ROLAND:

(TO HIMSELF) Infernal indeed. (TO HUBERT) Well go and look, man!

(FX: HUBERT STEPS ACROSS THE COBBLES)

HUBERT:

Saint George preserve us! 'Tis my failed knights. All fallen.

ROLAND:

What, this whole score of them?

(FX: ANXIOUS HORSES)

NYSSA:

(FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COURTYARD) There's more over here. Another dozen maybe. (FX: CLATTER OF ARMOUR – EXAMINING BODIES) One moment.

ROLAND:

Ghoulish Lady – leave them to rot!

NYSSA:

That's just it, Roland of Brittany. They're not rotten.

OSBERT:

(WALKING FORWARD) They're cinders!

NYSSA:

Yes, Osbert. (FX: POURING ASH OUT OF KNIGHT'S HELMET) (COUGHS) Turned to ashes. (THOUGHTFUL, TO SELF) Inside their armour...

ROLAND:

(FX: DISMOUNTING, ALONG WITH OTHER KNIGHTS) So, Earl of Mummerset – which way into the High Keep?

HUBERT:

The fog is thicker here than outside, how should I know?

ROLAND:

Because you were born here, and raised here.

HUBERT:

Oh, I see. Yes. Well, I've not been back for seven years.

ROLAND:

Pathetic. Samson, give Earl Hubert his sword. Dullard's Spike or whatever he calls it.

(FX: KNIGHT STEPS FORWARD)

HUBERT:

Volund's Spear actually! But why?

ROLAND:

Because you will lead the way.

HUBERT:

Into the Keep?

OSBERT:

But that's where I saw it: the demon!

NYSSA:

I don't think that's very wise, Sir Roland. I think we should get out of this place as soon as possible.

(FX: CLANG OF PORTCULLIS SHUTTING BEHIND. ALARM FROM KNIGHTS)

HUBERT:

(FX: RUNNING BACK) The portcullis! (FX: SHAKING PORTCULLIS)
It's no good. It's shut tight.

ROLAND:

It seems the decision to leave has been taken out of our hands!
Proceed, sire!

HUBERT:

Oh, m-mercy!

ROLAND:

Why do you cower? Announce your presence! (FX: HE DRAWS HIS
SWORD ON HUBERT) Do it!

HUBERT:

(ALoud) D-D-Demons! I am H-Hubert, Sixth Earl of Mummieset! I
have come to take this castle back! (BEAT; SILENCE) There: the
place must be deserted, let's see if we can [get the]-

YAVUZ 3 [A RUTAN]:

(OFF) You may not leave.

HUBERT:
Wh-who said that?

OSBERT:
There! Beside the well!

HUBERT:
Yavuz? Old friend?

NYSSA:
Careful, Sir Hubert!

HUBERT:
But – this is Yavuz! My old comrade from the Holy Land!

ROLAND:
A heathen devil!

HUBERT:
A Turkish Knight!

OSBERT:
Yurr, but I bet he was a devil with that scimitar!

NYSSA:
(REALISATION) A Turkish Knight! Like it was in the play. (FX:
DUB OVER FAINT ECHO OF IDENTICAL DIALOGUE FROM PART ONE) "Here
come I, the Turkish Knight, Come from the Turkish land to
fight!"

ROLAND:
But this is one man! We knights are four! (ALOUD) (FX: DUB OVER
FAINT ECHO OF IDENTICAL DIALOGUE FROM PART ONE) Where is the
Turk that will before me stand? I shall cut him down with my
courageous hand!

YAVUZ 3:
(FX: SHINK OF SCIMITAR) Drones – present your arms!

(FX: OTHER YAVUZES – THESE ALL RUTAN CLONES – CALLING FROM
ABOVE, RIGHT AND LEFT)

YAVUZ 4:
(FX: SHINK) Present arms!

YAVUZ 5:
(FX: SHINK) Present arms!

YAVUZ 6:
(FX: SHINK) Present arms!

YAVUZ 7:
(FX: SHINK) Present arms!

ROLAND:
More of them! To the left, and the right!

OSBERT:
Yurr, and up on high!

NYSSA:
They're identical!

HUBERT:
Yavuz?

SCENE 27: INT. PASSAGE/DUNGEON

(FX: RUTAN LEADING THE WAY, BOBBING ALONG, CRACKLING)

RUTAN:
Drones – bring the alien!

YAVUZES:
(TOGETHER) Drone leader.

DOCTOR:
What about Maud?

YAVUZ 1:
The woman is dead.

DOCTOR:
Then let her rest in peace. Grant her a proper burial – ah!
(GRABBED TO EITHER SIDE, DRAGGED ALONG) Drone leader. Drone leader!!!

RUTAN:
(PAUSING, TURNING) What is it, alien?

DOCTOR:
You're too late. For the Sontaran. For Linx. He was destroyed when his castle blew up. Well, I say 'his' castle – it was Irongron's castle, in fact. Come to think of it, it wasn't even Irongron's.

RUTAN:
(RESUMING, IRRITATED) Bring him!!!

DOCTOR:

(DRAGGED) ... but the point is, neither of you have any business here on Earth.

RUTAN:

It is clear, the enemy has followed us here.

DOCTOR:

Linx was following you-? Then – what business do you have here? The Rutan Empire, I mean. Around now, you're supposed to be retreating from the Mutters Spiral!

RUTAN:

(ANGRY CRACKLES) The Rutan Empire does not retreat! We withdraw!

DOCTOR:

Fine! But you have no business with humankind, certainly at this stage of their development! Right now, they're barely civilised. Little further advanced than hunting, gathering and battering one another with clubs.

RUTAN:

(STOPS) They are suitable for our great purpose. Bring him through!

DOCTOR:

Oh, so it's the dungeon, is it? I knew there'd be one around here someplace. (FX: DOCTOR DRAGGED DOWN THREE STEPS INTO DUNGEON) I'm coming, I'm coming!

RUTAN:

Place him in the tensile resistance device.

DOCTOR:

It's called a 'rack'. It's an instrument of torture, not an experimental [device -] (PENNY DROPS) Oh. I'm beginning to understand.

YAVUZ 1:

Lie down!

DOCTOR:

(LYING DOWN ON RACK) Experiments on clones, yes. Human clones. Listen, I know exactly what it is you're up to here and I have to say you're playing with fire!

RUTAN:

Secure his limbs!

DOCTOR:

(WHILE LEGS ARE BEING STRAPPED) (FX: BUCKLES) You want to beat the Sontarans at their own game, don't you? Cloning, that is. You Rutans can shape-shift, yes, but – being largely amorphous and jelly-like in structure – you can't replicate yourselves, nor can you maintain another form indefinitely – (WRISTS STRAPPED) (FX: BUCKLES) ... ow! Gently. That's my Chinamen arm!

RUTAN:

Your speculation is not required!

DOCTOR:

But – if you clone yourselves while in human form, you'll end up with armies of obedient cannon-fodder, ideally suited to hand-to-hand combat, to throw at the enemy! (BEAT) There. Am I right, or am I right?

RUTAN:

Quiet! Alien: you will tell us all you know about Sontaran activity in this sector! The fate of the Rutan Empire depends on it!

DOCTOR:

But – I've told you everything. Freely!

RUTAN:

Drones – turn the rack!

YAVUZES:

We... obey...

DOCTOR:

I'd really much rather you [didn't] –

(FX: TURNING OF CRANK. STRAPS TIGHTEN)

DOCTOR:

(GASPS)

SCENE 28: EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

YAVUZ 3:

(FX: STEPPING FORWARD) Advance!

YAVUZES 4/5/6/7:

(FX: STEPPING FORWARD) Advance!

HUBERT:

Five Yavuzes! How can this be?

NYSSA:

Easily. By androidisation, perhaps, or biogenetics? Cloning, even.

OSBERT:

Yurr, that an' wizardry!

ROLAND:

Samson, Engelier, Ganelon – take arms! Send these witches' sucklings back to Hell!

3 x KNIGHTS:

(FX: CLOSING VISORS) Oui!/Oui!/Oui!

YAVUZ 3:

Drones – attack!

YAVUZES 4/5/6/7:

(FX: RUSHING FORWARD, HOLLERING) Attack!

ROLAND:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Fight, *mes braves!* Like our forefathers did at Roncevaux, against the heathen horde – engage them!

3 x KNIGHTS:

(RUSHING FORWARD, ROARING) Haaaarggh!

(FX: 4 x KNIGHTS' SWORDS CLASH MEET SCIMITARS – CLANG! SPARKS! WHOMP! 4 x KNIGHTS KNOCKED BACKWARDS BY ELECTRICAL ENERGY)

ROLAND/3 x KNIGHTS:

(CRY OUT) (FX: CLATTERING TO FLOOR)

ROLAND:

(GASPING IN PAIN) What witchery is this, you demons?

OSBERT:

Lightning! I told ye! I told ye!!!

(FX: GANELON IS STRUCK BY A SCIMITAR AND ELECTROCUTED. HE SCREAMS)

ROLAND:
Ganelon! Ganelon!

NYSSA:
Those scimitars are charged with electrical energy! And the Knights are wearing *metal* armour... (SHOUTING) Roland – retreat!

ROLAND:
(DAZED) A Knight of Brittany does not retreat.

OSBERT:
Yurr, but a peasant does! (LEGS IT)

HUBERT:
I'm with you, yurr! I mean, yes – I mean – oh, never mind. Wait for me! (LEGS IT)

(FX: IT IS ENGELIER'S TIME TO FRY. HE SCREAMS!)

ROLAND:
Engelier! No!

NYSSA:
(SHOUTING) Your armour conducts their fire, Roland! That's what happened to all those others! Reduced to ashes inside their suits.

ROLAND:
I do not understand.

NYSSA:
(RUSHING FORWARD) Take my hand! You must withdraw!

ROLAND:
(FX: DRAGGED TO FEET) 'Withdraw'?

NYSSA:
(DRAGGING ROLAND) In heaven's name, man!

YAVUZ 3:
Drones – destroy this knight!

YAVUZ 4/5/6/7:
We... obey!

(FX: 3 x SCIMITAR STRIKES AGAINST SAMSON'S METAL BREASTPLATE. ZZZAAKKK! FLAME THROUGH VISOR. SAMSON FRIED IN HIS OWN ARMOUR. SAMSON SCREAMS AND DIE, SLOWLY)

ROLAND:
(RUNNING, WITH NYSSA) Samson! The bravest of my Knights!

NYSSA:

(RUNNING) The last of your Knights!

YAVUZ 3:

(OFF) Now the others! This knight and the female.

ROLAND:

(SKIDDING TO A HALT) Still they come! I stand! I fight!

NYSSA:

(STOPPING ALSO, TO GRAB HIM BY THE ARM) Not with swords, you don't! Not with anything metal! Come on!

(FX: THEY RUN AGAIN)

ROLAND:

(RUNNING) Then what?

NYSSA:

(RUNNING) I don't know. Something wooden. Quarterstuffs?

ROLAND:

(RUNNING) Pah! You think a Knight of Brittany fights like a Saxon, with sticks?!?

YAVUZ 3:

(OFF) Attack!!!

YAVUZ 4/5/6/7:

(STRIDING FORWARD QUICKLY...)

SCENE 29: INT. DUNGEON

RUTAN:

Turn it, drones! Turn the rack!

(FX: WHEEL TURNED. CREAKING OF RACK)

DOCTOR:

(GASPING, RECITING SHELLEY TO DISTRACT HIMSELF FROM THE PAIN)

"As if a spectre, wrapped in shapeless terror,
Amid a company of ladies fair
Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror
Of all their beauty —"

RUTAN:

Cease turning! (FX: RACK STOPS) What is this spiel?

DOCTOR:

Shelley. *The Tower of Famine*. It just leapt to mind. "Of all
their beauty, and their hair and hue
The life of their sweet eyes with all its error,
Should be absorbed till they to marble grew." Never met the
man. Shelley. One day, perhaps I will.

RUTAN:

It is not relevant. Continue!

(FX: WHEEL TURNS AGAIN. RACK CREAKS)

DOCTOR:

(GASPS)

SCENE 30: EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

(FX: CONTINUOUS FROM Sc. 28. YAVUZES STILL STRIDING FORWARD)

(FX: NYSSA AND ROLAND RUSH UP AGAINST THE PORTCULLIS. THEY STOP)

ROLAND:

(PANTING) The portcullis: a dead end. What do we do? My Lady???

NYSSA:

(PANTING) The portcullis, of course! Here! Stand against the portcullis!

ROLAND:

(FX: CLANG – ARMOUR AGAINST PORTCULLIS) And?

NYSSA:

Let them attack us!

ROLAND:

That is it???

NYSSA:

At the last moment, when they raise their swords, step aside!

YAVUZ 3:

(OFF) Strike! Strike!!!

(FX: 4 x SCIMITARS RAISED – SHINK!)

ROLAND:

You are mad!!!

NYSSA:

Trust me! NOW!!!

(FX: THEY DUCK OUT OF THE WAY AS THE SCIMITARS WHISTLE DOWN. 4 x SCIMITARS STRIKE PORTCULLIS – THEN – MASSIVE ELECTRICAL WHOMF!)

YAVUZ 4/5/6/7:

(CRY OUT) (FX: COLLAPSE TO FLOOR, SCIMITARS SCATTERED) (DIE)

ROLAND:

(BREATHLESS) They are – dead? Just by striking these bars?

NYSSA:

Short-circuited!

SCENE 31: INT. DUNGEON

(FX: RACK TURNING)

DOCTOR:

(PAIN) This is... stretching a point too far... don't you think?

YAVUZES:

(TOGETHER) (GASP SUDDENLY – THEIR POWER CUT OFF)

RUTAN:

Turn it, we said!

(FX: BOTH YAVUZES COLLAPSE TO FLOOR. RACK WHEEL SPINS FREE)

DOCTOR:

(EXHALES AS PRESSURE IS RELEASED SLIGHTLY) Your, uh, clones, appear to have – collapsed. Racked by remorse, perhaps. (BEAT) Drone leader?

RUTAN:

(FX: FEEBLE CRACKLING) (WEAK) P-power circuit [is blown.]

(FX: CROSSFADE SHARPLY TO:)

SCENE 32: EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

YAVUZ 3/RUTAN 2:

(OFF, WEAK) [P-power circuit] is blown. (FX: RUTAN CRACKLING – HE'S CHANGING BACK) We cannot maintain this metamorphosis.

ROLAND:

The last heathen! My Lady! He suffers – a transfiguration!

NYSSA:

He's changing, yes.

ROLAND:

He is a demon!!!

NYSSA:

He's a jellyfish. A giant green jellyfish!

YAVUZ 3/RUTAN 2:

(FX: BOBBING AWAY) We... withdraw...

ROLAND:

Lycanthropy! (FX: DRAWING SWORD) I must slay him!

NYSSA:

No! Let him go! He may still have some electrical charge left in him.

SCENE 33: INT. DUNGEON

RUTAN:

(FX: WEAK CRACKLING) (GHOSTLY) Withdraw... withdraw...

(FX: CRACKLING AWAY)

DOCTOR:

(STILL IN RACK) Wait! Wait! You can't just withdraw and leave me – (IT'S GONE; TO SELF) ... tied to this thing. (SIGHS) Marvellous.

SCENE 34: EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

NYSSA:

I said, let him go, Roland of Brittany!

ROLAND:

It is my quest!

NYSSA:

Your quest is for money, not death! Now – will you drop that sword?

ROLAND:

(FX: CLATTER OF SWORD) (DEFENSIVE) I – I drop my weapon only so I might not succumb to more of this 'eel-eck-tricks'!

NYSSA:

Very wise. Might I suggest you remove your armour, too?

ROLAND:

What, I must face this demon naked now?

NYSSA:

No, just not wearing anything metal.

ROLAND:

Then I will be safe?

NYSSA:

Safer than the Knights who've faced this force before. Remember all those brave men in the courtyard – your own men, too – they were dressed head to foot in steel. The only one who's faced these creatures and survived was a peasant in rags. Which reminds me: where is Osbert?

ROLAND:

Fled, along with the noble Earl of Mummerset.

NYSSA:

Let's hope neither of them saw fit to use Hubert's sword on the soldiers. Anyway, we'll think about Osbert and Hubert later. Right now, our priority is you. So strip! (BEAT) Well? What's stopping you?

ROLAND:

(COY) My Lady.

NYSSA:

(SIGHS) I'll turn my back, shall I?

SCENE 35: INT. DUNGEON

HUBERT:

(OFF) Foolish peasant, are you [here-?] (WALKS INTO MAUD'S BODY IN PASSAGE) Aaaaaaggghh!

DOCTOR:

(STILL IN RACK) Hello? Is there someone there? In the passage?

HUBERT:

(OFF) Sir Doctor? Is that you?

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) Hubert, Earl of Mummerset. (ALoud) It is indeed me, sire. (FX: FLEXES STRAPS) I wonder whether I might prevail upon you to come in here and release me?

HUBERT:

(FX: WALKING THROUGH INTO DUNGEON) Have you seen? Sir Doctor – just outside this door there is a dead peasant!

DOCTOR:

Maud the Withered, I know. I'm afraid she met your demon.

HUBERT:

Maud the Withered. Dead! Do you know – (CONFIDENTIALLY) – they say she'd lived all of thirty-nine summers!

DOCTOR:

I suppose middle age counts as a good innings, in the Middle Ages. But she deserved a more peaceful end, poor woman. (HE COUGHS MEANINGFULLY) My Lord Hubert? (FX: FLEXES STRAPS) The straps?

SCENE 36: EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

(FX: ROLAND REMOVING HIS ARMOUR, PIECE BY PIECE, THRU:)

NYSSA:

I'm right, aren't I, Roland? Your quest is for money?

ROLAND:

(REMOVING BITS OF ARMOUR) What if it is, my Lady? There are no noble quests, not any more. In Palestine, the finest families of Europe gather to butcher the heathen, and be butchered by him in turn. Tell me – where is the honour in a Crusade overseas, when the Western lands are left unguarded from the dragons of want, and disease?

NYSSA:

Well – fight those dragons, then. By your measure, isn't it better to die battling dragons, than live for hire?

ROLAND:

(IS SHE MAD?) A Knight must live in a manner befitting his status. Not like some – (FX: DROPS ARMOUR) ... peasant.

NYSSA:

(SNARKY) Well, I'd rather be a peasant than a mercenary.

ROLAND:

(REALLY PISSED OFF) What is this, Nyssa of Traken – you claim to be holier than I? You – a Lady in britches, who speaks freely of 'druidisation'.

NYSSA:

'Androidisation'.

ROLAND:

Eel-eck-tricks, and short-circuits – pah! (FX: SNATCHES UP SWORD) (MENACING) How came you by this knowledge, my Lady? For it stinks of witchery to me!

NYSSA:

I told you, Roland of Brittany. Waving your sword around will do you no good. (STIFLING A LAUGH) Particularly when all you're wearing are long-johns.

ROLAND:

These are moleskin underhose!

NYSSA:

And very fetching they are, too. Now. There's power running through this portcullis, that's what short-circuited the Turkish Knights. Are you going to help me locate the source or are you going to wave your sword around like a six-year-old boy?

ROLAND:

Why should I help you?

DOCTOR:

(OFF, WALKING UP) Because if our Rutan friend repairs it, the Turkish Knights will return from the dead. And then we'll be in trouble – won't we, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

(DELIGHTED) Doctor! I thought you were still in the boar trap!

DOCTOR:

Nevertheless, it seems you've got along without me very well.

ROLAND:

This is – what? Another peasant?

HUBERT:

(WALKING UP) This is Sir Doctor! A noble knight. The only knight, in fact, to have survived an encounter with this demon!

ROLAND:

Knight? Knight! What sort of knight it is that wears a vegetable upon his breast?

NYSSA:

So says the angry Frenchman in moleskin underhose.

DOCTOR:

Which rather proves the point, first impressions are never the best. (TO ROLAND) Hello. I'm the Doctor. And you are?

ROLAND:

Roland of Brittany. (SARCASTIC) Sire.

DOCTOR:

As in *The Song of Roland*? Direct in line from the Roland who made his final stand at the Battle of Roncevaux Pass?

HUBERT:

Apparently. (INDICATING BODIES) These were his friends, Samson, Engelier and [Ganelon –]

DOCTOR:

(INTERRUPTING) No. No, I don't think so.

ROLAND:
Whaaaaaaaaaat?!?

DOCTOR:
It's rather like announcing oneself by saying 'I am Arthur, King of the Britons – and here are my friends Lancelot, Gawain and Sir Galahad.' Not only staggeringly unlikely, but historically your very existence is – well, shall we say, debateable?

ROLAND:
You may debate it with my heftiest mace!

NYSSA:
(TO ROLAND) So you're a mercenary, after all.

DOCTOR:
I daresay naming oneself after the bravest paladin of the Emperor Charlemagne is very good for business. (MOLLIFYING ROLAND) But I don't doubt your abilities, not in the least.

ROLAND:
I am so glad to hear it!

HUBERT:
Roland of Brittany? Roland of Berkhamsted more like, or Barsetshire or... or... Bedford or...

NYSSA:
Wherever he comes, at least he didn't run away at the first sign of danger.

HUBERT:
Ah, well... I... I...

NYSSA:
Now. Doctor. 'Our Rutan friend'?

DOCTOR:
Rutan, yes. A highly intelligent, highly aggressive species from the planet Ruta Three. The one here seems to be engaged in a scientific research project.

NYSSA:
Cloning.

DOCTOR:
Very good. Specifically, cloning itself after having adopted human form.

NYSSA:

We saw it shape-shift, yes.

DOCTOR:

Rutans aren't natural chameleons. 'Sham-eleons', if you like. It's a technique they've developed.

NYSSA:

And it requires significant reserves of electrical energy?

DOCTOR:

Rutans need an electrical field to live, full stop.

NYSSA:

And they'd get that – where, in the twelfth century?

DOCTOR:

It's been here at least nine months, its vessel's own reserves must have been exhausted long ago.

NYSSA:

Which means it must be generating the power naturally. Solar cells?

DOCTOR:

Too foggy. Same goes for wind turbines.

NYSSA:

What then?

DOCTOR:

(INSPIRED) The waterwheel! Hubert, Earl of Mummerset – where's the waterwheel?

HUBERT:

Water what?

DOCTOR:

Maud the Withered described to me a waterwheel – still turning, despite the demon's presence. She and I heard it from inside the secret passage.

HUBERT:

Passage?

DOCTOR:

From Wells Wood. No? No.

NYSSA:

So what you're saying is – the waterwheel is generating the electrical field surrounding the castle?

DOCTOR:
It's a reasonable supposition.

NYSSA:
And if we sabotage the wheel –

DOCTOR:
The Rutan will be powerless. Literally.

NYSSA:
Then all we have to do is follow the moat, and stick something in the wheel?

ROLAND:
(FX: RUMMAGING THROUGH FALLEN KNIGHTS' LANCES) Something like – Samson's lance?

DOCTOR:
Excellent, Roland! That'd put a spanner in the works.

NYSSA:
Here, let me have it. (HEFTING LANCE) I'll go. You stay here, help the Doctor contain the Rutan.

DOCTOR:
Right. Yes. Perhaps – Hubert, would you go with the Lady Nyssa?

HUBERT:
I told you, I don't know where this 'waterwheel' is. The old Earl must have had it installed after I departed.

DOCTOR:
I didn't mean to show her the way. I meant, to protect her.

HUBERT:
M-me?

NYSSA:
I don't need protecting, Doctor. I'll be fine!

(FX: NYSSA EXITS OVER COBBLES)

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) I hope so, Nyssa. (BEAT) Now then. The High Keep: that's where the Rutan has its base. I daresay it's a stupid question, Hubert, but have you noticed any changes to its structure?

ROLAND:
(BUTTING IN) I have a question.

DOCTOR:
If you must.

ROLAND:
You say this demon may take any shape it chooses?

DOCTOR:
In principle, yes.

ROLAND:
Then – might not you be the demon?

DOCTOR:
Me?

ROLAND:
You were out of the Lady Nyssa's sight long enough to be taken by it.

DOCTOR:
Ah. Yes, well, you'll just have to take it on trust.

HUBERT:
He's not wrong, though. Sir Doctor. How do we know you are not this demon in disguise? For all we know, you killed Maud the Withered yourself.

ROLAND:
How do I know you are not the demon, either? Hubert, so-called Earl of Mummerset?

HUBERT:
How dare you! That title has been [handed down through]-

ROLAND:
On your knees! Both of you! Hands on your heads!

DOCTOR:
Good sir knight, this is foolishness!

ROLAND:
(FX: SCRAPING SWORD) On your knees, or I shall cut off your feet!

SCENE 37: EXT. WATERWHEEL

(FX: BRING UP CHURNING WATERWHEEL, AS NYSSA APPROACHES)

NYSSA:

(WALKING, TO SELF) Here we are – (SLIPS, STAGGERS) Ohh! (FX: BEGINS WALKING DOWN STEPS, SLOWLY) Careful – it wouldn't do to break your neck on this – phew! – putrescent moss...

OSBERT:

(OFF, BELOW. ALOOF, FLAT, ACCENT FAR LESS PRONOUNCED – YES, HE'S A RUTAN IN OSBERT'S FORM) Who is there?

NYSSA:

(STOPS, MOMENTARILY ALARMED) Oh! (GATHERS HERSELF; OVER NOISE OF WATER WHEEL) Osbert. Is that you?

OSBERT:

Aye, 'tis I. Who is there?

NYSSA:

(FX: CLATTERING DOWN LAST FEW STEPS) The Lady Nyssa. Not a demon.

OSBERT:

The Lady Nyssa...

NYSSA:

... of Traken. Osbert, I wish you hadn't run away.

OSBERT:

I – ran away?

NYSSA:

Poor Osbert. You're in shock, I think. Not that it's my field. How's your lance-throwing?

SCENE 38: EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

ROLAND:

Prove to me you are who you say you are! Or I shall slay you where you stand.

DOCTOR:

Kneel. We're kneeling.

ROLAND:

Silence!

HUBERT:

Noble Roland, please – it's not me. I'm no demonic double. This Sir Doctor, mind – he claimed to be a Knight Errant.

DOCTOR:

I did nothing of the sort!

HUBERT:

Ooh, you fibber!

DOCTOR:

You chose to make a series of assumptions. Admittedly, some of those I chose not to contradict.

ROLAND:

(SUSPICIOUS) Ah! Economical with the *actualité*, eh?

DOCTOR:

No, no – it's not like that!

HUBERT:

Your Lady Nyssa claimed to be your page.

ROLAND:

But she was not.

HUBERT:

Yes, and he said he'd fought alongside Sir Justin of Wells.

DOCTOR:

Well, then, 'Hubert, Earl of Mummerset' – describe to me Sir Justin!

HUBERT:

Er...

DOCTOR:

You said you knew him too! 'Mighty Sir Justin'!

HUBERT:
Only by, er, reputation.

ROLAND:
I know Sir Justin of Wells.

DOCTOR/HUBERT:
(TOGETHER) You do?

ROLAND:
(MODESTLY) We fought together, once. That fierce Norseman,
built like Atlantic granite. His great red beard, flowing –

HUBERT:
(GABBLING) ... great, big, bristling beard! Red like fire! Yes!

DOCTOR:
Actually, Sir Justin was rather slight in build, and pale of
complexion.

ROLAND:
Yes, and with a chin as smooth as ivory!

HUBERT:
Ah.

ROLAND:
So if there is anyone here who is not all he says he is – it is
you, 'Hubert, Earl of Mummerset'!

DOCTOR:
Yes, well – it's not only Rutans who take on the guise of the
dead. Everyone's at it – aren't they, 'Roland of Brittany'?

ROLAND:
(WARNING) Have a care, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
What I mean to say is: whoever this Hubert really is, he cannot
be a Rutan double, [because–]

HUBERT:
What do you mean, 'Whoever this Hubert really is'?

DOCTOR:
Well, you're not the heir to Stockbridge Castle, are you?

HUBERT:
Am so!

DOCTOR:

Oh, please! You know nothing of its internal topography, despite having 'grown up' here.

HUBERT:

I've explained that.

DOCTOR:

Not satisfactorily. And as for that mighty weapon of yours...

HUBERT:

Volund's Spear!

DOCTOR:

... would a Crusader Knight really wield a broadsword one-handed?

ROLAND:

It is! It is him! He is a demon! He will DIE!!!

SCENE 39: EXT. WATERWHEEL

(FX: WATERWHEEL)

OSBERT:
Lance-throwing? My – lady?

NYSSA:
Never you mind, Osbert. I promise you, the demon will be gone soon enough.

OSBERT:
They – will?

NYSSA:
Yes – (HEFTING LANCE; EFFORT) – if I can just jam up the mechanism with this, the Rutans' electrical field will be cut dead, and then...

OSBERT:
So will they.

NYSSA:
Exactly. (AIMING LANCE) I've got to get this just right.

OSBERT:
(FX: SLIGHT CRACKLE) Your scientific understanding is exceptional for the epoch, Nyssa of Traken.

NYSSA:
(OBLIVIOUS, CONCENTRATING) Flatterer. (BEAT; THE PENNY DROPPING) Wait a minute.

OSBERT/RUTAN:
(ADVANCING ON HER) (FX: LOUD CRACKLES) You may yet serve the Rutan Empire well!

SCENE 40: EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

ROLAND:

... DIE, I tell you!

DOCTOR:

Roland, please!

HUBERT:

Alright, alright! I admit it! I'm not the Earl of Mummerset!
(MUCH MORE LOWER CLASS FROM HERE ON – NOT 'MUMMERSET', THOUGH)
But I'm not a demon neither.

ROLAND:

Who... are... you?!?

HUBERT:

A-apprentice apothecary!

ROLAND:

A-ha!!! A herbalist's boy!

HUBERT:

I wuz there, though – in the Holy Land, with the Lionheart!

DOCTOR:

And the *real* Earl Hubert, I presume?

HUBERT:

Yes, yes. Him too. The real Earl Hubert – he suffered a terrible wound to his head, fightin' the heathen.

ROLAND:

What sort of wound?

HUBERT:

Well, when I was shown to him, his face was all sort of hanging off. The Lionheart's men, they said I wuz to cure him by the end of the week, else they'd clip off my nose!

ROLAND:

This is fair enough.

HUBERT:

Well, there wasn't nothin' I could do for him! When he died, I thought – well, why don't I put on his helmet, take his sword...

DOCTOR:

... steal his identity?

HUBERT:

No, that wasn't it! All I wanted was for the Earl to be seen walking about for a day or two. Make out I'd cured him, yeah? Then I was going to 'disappear' him in the desert, like he'd been captured by Saracens.

DOCTOR:
(OBVIOUS REALLY) Only – in the desert, you got captured by Saracens.

HUBERT:
Seven years in jail, I spent! Seven years in a cell with Yavuz! My, how he snored! Then they told us the Old Earl was dead, and Yavuz – well, he pledged himself to me, he did; promised to break us out if I'd make him my bondsman, in my English estate. Would you know it, one day he succeeded.

DOCTOR:
And you felt obliged to make good on your promise?

HUBERT:
Terrible temper they've got, these Levantine types. He'd've carved me into kebab pieces if he'd've ever learned the truth.

ROLAND:
And, er, speaking of your Turkish Knight...

HUBERT:
What about him?

DOCTOR:
Behind you.

YAVUZ 4/5/6/7:
Circuit restored. Power regained. Drones reactivated.

HUBERT:
Oh no!

YAVUZ 4/5/6/7:
(FX: SWISHING SCIMITARS) Advance. Destroy. Advance. Destroy!!!

SCENE 41: EXT. WATERWHEEL

(FX: WATERWHEEL CHURNING. RUTAN CRACKLE)

NYSSA:
Keep away from me, Rutan! I said – keep away!

RUTAN:
You are powerless to resist us, Nyssa of Traken.

NYSSA:
(HEFTS LANCE) But I'm not powerless to stop your waterwheel –
(EFFORT; HURLING LANCE) – like so!!!

(FX: CLANG! CHUDD! WATERWHEEL STICKS, GRINDING FUTILELY)

SCENE 42: EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

YAVUZ 4/5/6/7:

Destroyyyyyyyyyyy (POWER CUT OFF).

(FX: YAVUZES FLUMP TO THE FLOOR; SCIMITARS CLATTER)

ROLAND:

They are – dead again?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa must have stopped the wheel.

HUBERT:

She succeeded?

ROLAND:

These demons are vanquished?

DOCTOR:

For the time being.

(FX: PORTCULLIS BEGINS TO RAISE, SOME WAY OFF)

ROLAND:

What?

HUBERT:

The portcullis! It's opening! (LEGS IT) Let's get out of here!

ROLAND:

I heartily concur! (FOLLOWS)

DOCTOR:

Wait! Please! It's not all over yet. (SIGHS; TO SELF) Why does no-one ever listen to me?

SCENE 43: EXT. WATERWHEEL

(FX: GRINDING, STUCK WATERWHEEL)

NYSSA:

Go on, then! Kill me! See if you can spare the energy!

RUTAN:

(FX: WEAK CRACKLES) The energy field is fading. Must withdraw.

YAVUZ 3:

(ABOVE, OFF) Yes, drone leader. You must preserve your energy.

NYSSA:

What?

YAVUZ 3:

(FX: DESCENDING STEPS) (RUTAN CRACKLE) My energy is fully recharged!

NYSSA:

Another one?!?

YAVUZ 3:

Why should you assume...

RUTAN:

... there was just the one of us...

YAVUZ 3/RUTAN 2:

(FX: FULLY RUTANISED – A TRANSFORMATION EFFECT OF SOME SORT?) ... Nyssa of Traken?

NYSSA:

Because the Doctor said... (A SIGH) Oh, no!

RUTAN:

Destroy that obstruction!

RUTAN 2:

Yes, drone leader. (EFFORT CRACKLES)

(FX: LONG FZZ OF ELECTRICITY; SPARKS; BANG AS LANCE BREAKS; WATERWHEEL BEGINS TURNING FREELY)

RUTAN 2:

Energy field fully restored.

RUTAN:

Good. Absorb this alien woman. Her knowledge will be of great assistance to the Rutan Empire!

RUTAN 2:

Yes, drone leader. (FX: CRACKLING. BOBBING FORWARD)

NYSSA:

No, please. Please!!!

SCENE 44: EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD/OUTSIDE GATE

(FX: BEGIN WITH THE DOCTOR, RUNNING TOWARDS PORTCULLIS)

HUBERT:

(AHEAD, CALLING BACK) Come on, Sir Doctor! The way is clear.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER THEM) You don't understand. You can't just leave things like this!

ROLAND:

(WITH HUBERT; ALARM) Sir Doctor! Behind you!

HUBERT:

The Turkish Knights!

YAVUZ 4/5/6/7:

(REVIVING) ... YYYYYYYYYY!

DOCTOR:

Oh, no.

YAVUZ 4/5/6/7:

(ADVANCING ON DOCTOR) Destroy! (REPEAT THROUGH:)

(FX: PORTCULLIS RATTLES ABOVE)

ROLAND:

(OFF) Run, Sir Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING TOWARDS THEM, DODGING GUARDS EN ROUTE) I am running!

(FX: PORTCULLIS BEGINNING TO DESCEND AT SPEED)

ROLAND:

(OFF) Doctor, above you!

HUBERT:

(OFF) The portcullis!

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING TO HALT) The what? (LOOKS UP) Oh, no.

(FX: PORTCULLIS STRIKES GROUND WITH A THUNDEROUS, ECHOING AND VERY FINAL CLUNGGGGGGGGG!)

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE: EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD/OUTSIDE GATE

YAVUZ 4/5/6/7:

(ADVANCING ON DOCTOR) *Destroy! (REPEAT THROUGH:)*

(FX: PORTCULLIS RATTLES ABOVE)

ROLAND:

(OFF) *Run, Sir Doctor!*

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING TOWARDS THEM, DODGING GUARDS EN ROUTE) *I am running!*

(FX: PORTCULLIS BEGINNING TO DESCEND AT SPEED)

ROLAND:

(OFF) *Doctor, above you!*

HUBERT:

(OFF) *The portcullis!*

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING TO HALT) *The what? (LOOKS UP) Oh, no.*

(FX: PORTCULLIS STRIKES GROUND WITH A THUNDEROUS, ECHOING AND VERY FINAL CLUNGGGGGGGGG!)

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

SCENE 45: EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD/OUTSIDE GATE

HUBERT:

(RUNNING UP) *Doctor? Sir Doctor? Are you impaled?*

ROLAND:

(BEHIND) (FX: SCRAPING SWORD) *If the wound is mortal, I shall end his agonies.*

DOCTOR:

(ON FLOOR, WINDED) *That won't be necessary, Roland of Brittany. Winded, bruised, but thankfully unimpaled.*

HUBERT:

Take my hand, Sir Doctor. I thought for sure that the portcullis would have caught you. You've had the closest of scrapes.

DOCTOR:

(TRYING TO GET UP) Believe it or not, Hubert, I've had closer. I can't... seem to... (FX: HIS COAT TAILS TEARING AS HE STANDS, CAUGHT BY PORTCULLIS) – oh, no!

ROLAND:

(LAUGHING) Your coat, it seems, was not so fortunate!

DOCTOR:

Yes, and this time it'll need more than a needle and thread.

HUBERT:

Sir Doctor. The Yavuzes – they've vanished!

DOCTOR:

(TURNING) Have they indeed?

ROLAND:

Then the demons really are despatched?

DOCTOR:

I suppose – maybe a final power surge caused their temporary revival?

ROLAND:

Like the twitchings of a decapitated limb?

DOCTOR:

Something like that, yes. But we need to know for sure. (FX: GRIPPING PORTCULLIS; RATTLE)

HUBERT:

Don't tell me you want to get back in!

DOCTOR:

(FX: RELEASING BARS) Fixed tight. I have to know Nyssa's alright.

(FX: SEVERAL VILLAGERS RUSHING FORWARD, ON COBBLES)

ROLAND:

There will be time enough for her. Look!

SMITHY:

(RUSHING UP, OFF) It's the Earl! One of them Frenchies, too! And that Sir Doctor! (TO HALT; TO HUBERT) Can it be true, my Lord? The demons is defeated?

HUBERT:

(POSHING UP AGAIN) Er – well. The thing is, Smithy...

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid it's too [early to say-]

ROLAND:
(CUTTING IN, PROCLAIMING ALOUD) It is true! The demons are exorcised! I, Roland of Brittany, have sent them back to Hell, with their forked tails between their legs!

A DOZEN OR SO VILLAGERS:
(ROAR EXCITEDLY) Yurrrrrr!

SMITHY:
Hurrah for Sir Roland! Yurrrr!

DOCTOR:
(OVER ROARS, UNABLE TO MAKE HIMSELF HEARD) Please. Please. This is all a little premature...

ROLAND:
(SILENCING CROWD) Silence! SILENCE!

VILLAGERS:
(SHUSH ONE ANOTHER)

DOCTOR:
(ALoud) Thank you. What Sir Roland meant to say is -

ROLAND:
(CUTTING IN AGAIN) That the demons' acolytes are my prisoners!

DOCTOR:
(BAFFLED) Acolytes?!?

ROLAND:
This creature - this 'Sir Doctor' - is an evil wizard!

VILLAGERS:
(COLLECTIVE SHOCKED INTAKE OF BREATH)

ROLAND:
Worse! Worse! This 'Hubert' - this man you know as the 'Earl of Mummieset' - he is nothing of the kind!

HUBERT:
Oh, you absolute [bounder!]

ROLAND:
Confess, interloper. CONFESS!

HUBERT:
(ALoud) I - I... (BEAT) I'm a-gettin' out of here! (RUNS)

DOCTOR:
Hubert, no! Don't run!!!

ROLAND:
Catch him! Hold him!!!

SMITHY:
Yurr! Get him!

(FX: RUNNING, BUSTLING, STRUGGLING OFF AS THE VILLAGERS CATCH AND GRAB HUBERT. OVER THIS:)

DOCTOR:
(ASIDE, TO ROLAND) What exactly is it you're playing at?

ROLAND:
It's quite simple, Sir Doctor. My noble quest is at an end. I have beaten the demons of Stockbridge Castle, to which there is no heir. In their gratitude, which of these peasants would deny me – the brave hero who so nobly vanquished their demons – the right to take these estates for my own?

DOCTOR:
The Rutan will be back, Roland. That I promise you!

ROLAND:
... and you have shown me how to defeat it. In the morning, I shall destroy this waterwheel, then what can this 'Rutan' do?

DOCTOR:
You have no idea what it is you're dealing with! None at all!

HUBERT:
(OFF, BEING DRAGGED FORWARD) Smithy, please!

SMITHY:
(TO ROLAND) Here he is, Sir Roland! Shall we brand him?

VILLAGERS:
(GROAN – TYPICAL OF SMITHY)

ROLAND:
No! No branding! There is only one way these demonic consorts may be freed of their sins!

DOCTOR:
(SIGHS) 'Burn them', I suppose?

ROLAND:
Exactly! BURN THEM!!!

VILLAGERS:
(CHANTING) BURN THEM!!! (FX: REPEAT THROUGH CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 46: EXT. CASTLE GATE

(FX: NIGHT SOUNDS. AN OWL, NIGHTJARS ETC)

SMITHY:
Stakes is all ready, Sir Roland!

ROLAND:
Thank you, Smithy. (HOLLERED ASIDE) Bring the prisoners forth!

SMITHY:
(OFF) Bring them devil-worshippers here! (BEAT) Anything more we can do for you, sire?

ROLAND:
No, no... not for the moment.

SMITHY:
Right you are, Sir Roland, sire.

DOCTOR:
(FX: IN CHAINS, BEING ESCORTED ACROSS) 'Sir Roland'? The villagers have knighted you already?

ROLAND:
A misapprehension I choose not to correct, Doctor. Now hurry along.

HUBERT:
(FX: CHAINS, ESCORTED ACROSS) You try hurrying in chains!

ROLAND:
Bind them to the stakes!

DOCTOR:
(BEING BOUND BY THE SMITHY) People of Stockbridge! Hear me! Roland of Brittany is not your saviour!

SMITHY:
Durr, course he ain't. We knows that.

HUBERT:
What? Then why are you obeying his orders?

SMITHY:
Cos – well, cos we're serfs, aren't we?

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry, I don't follow.

SMITHY:

Can't be serfs if we ain't in service to someone. Men of Stockbridge has been serfs of them in the Castle long as there's cocks been crowing! Growin' crops! Tillin' fields! Spreadin' muck!

ROLAND:

(WALKING UP) Dirty jobs, Doctor, but someone has to do them!

HUBERT:

Please! It's not too late to consider a collectivist alternative!

SMITHY:

This is the country! We does things just as we always have!

DOCTOR:

A brave stab at being Wat Tyler, Hubert. But I fear it's a bit late to hope for a peasants' revolt.

SMITHY:

We ain't peasants! We're serfs!

VILLAGERS:

Yurrrrrrrrrrr!

SMITHY:

Ain't that right, Osbert?

(FX: OSBERT APPROACHES TO ADD KINDLING TO THE FAGGOTS AROUND THE DOCTOR AND HUBERT'S FEET)

OSBERT:

(HALTING, RUTANISED) I – would rather be – a peasant. Than a serf.

HUBERT:

Oh, look who it is! Osbert the coward. Came crawling back, did you?

OSBERT:

I – walked.

HUBERT:

Kind of you to remember to pick up some kindling en route.

ROLAND:

Enough! Light the torches! BURN THEM!!!

VILLAGERS:

(TAKE UP CHANT – "BURN THEM!!!" OVER THIS:)

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I don't understand. What's Osbert doing here?

HUBERT:

(SOTTO) Must have jumped the moat, I suppose. Who cares? (BEAT)
Doctor – you're not really a wizard, are you?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I'm afraid not.

HUBERT:

(SOTTO) Thought I'd check. Oh well. Glad I came to Stockbridge,
all the same.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Really?

HUBERT:

(SOTTO) Burning to death's not as bad as life everafter in one
of Saladin's jails. The stench is indescribable.

ROLAND:

(ALoud, OFF) Repent your sins! Before it is too late!

HUBERT:

(SOTTO) What d'you reckon, Doctor? Any crimes you want
absolved?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I'm just sorry I dragged Nyssa into this. I hope she's
not –

HUBERT:

(SOTTO) Hey – are the hairs standing up? On back of your neck?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) They are, actually. (SOMETHING'S UP – BUT WHAT?) They
are...! And that smell, like ozone?

HUBERT:

(SOTTO; HOPEFULLY) Perhaps the kindling's damp?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Static. It's static! The electrical field!

HUBERT:

(SOTTO) You and your 'eel-eck-tricks'.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) You don't understand! The electrical field should have
been shut off! Instead, it's being extended!

HUBERT:
(SOTTO) Which means?

(FX: CROSS TO:)

ROLAND:
Silence! Silence! (FX: VILLAGERS QUIETEN) (FX: HOLDING BURNING TORCH, FLICKERING) With this purifying flame, I, Roland of Brittany, declare the village of Stockbridge finally purged of demonic infestation.

OSBERT:
No. Drop the heat device.

ROLAND:
Hush, peasant, or you can join them.

OSBERT:
Drones – advance!

YAVUZ 4/5/6/7:
(FX: AROUND AND ABOUT, ENCIRCLING STAKES) We advance!

SMITHY:
Saracens! Saracen soldiers, coming down in the mist!

ROLAND:
These are no Saracens! These are – (HORROR) ... Turkish Knights!

SMITHY:
What's Turkish Knights doing in Stockbridge?

ROLAND:
Run! Run, peasants! Run for your lives! (RUNS)

YAVUZ 4/5/6/7:
Scatter the humans.

VILLAGERS:
(SHRIEKS OF ALARM) Saracens!
Flee! Flee!
Into the trees! (ETC)

(FX: CHAOS CONTINUES THROUGHOUT AS WE CROSS TO:)

HUBERT:
Osbert! Osbert, quick! Save us!

DOCTOR:
Save your breath, Hubert. That's not Osbert.

HUBERT:
Not Osbert? Then [who-?] Oh.

OSBERT/RUTAN:
(FX: RUTAN CRACKLE – TRANSFORMING) Alien Doctor. You will come with us.

SMITHY:
Demon! Demon!!! Great - green - wobbly – DEMON!!!

(FX: VILLAGERS STAMPEDE)

VILLAGERS:
(OFF, MORE SHRIEKS) A demon! In the village! Aaaaagh! [ETC]

HUBERT:
Roland of Brittany lied to you!!! They ain't been vanquished!

SMITHY:
They ain't?

HUBERT:
Haven't. (COMMANDING 'EARL' VOICE) Listen, Smithy! I am your rightful Lord and Master, and I command you To release me. This instant!(BEAT) Well?

SMITHY:
Yeah, alright. (FX: FIDDLING WITH HUBERT'S CHAINS)

HUBERT:
Hurry, man! Hurry!

(FX: CHAINS ON GROUND)

SMITHY:
That do you, my Lord?

HUBERT:
Yes, yes. Now Sir Doctor, beside me – (DOUBLE-TAKE AS HE REALISES THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN TAKEN) Doctor? Doctor, where are you?

SCENE 47: EXT. CASTLE GATE (BY TARDIS)

(FX: DISTANT CHAOS – SCREAMING, ETC. RUTAN BOBBING ALONG, CRACKLING)

RUTAN:

Alien Doctor. You will follow.

DOCTOR:

(BRISKLY WALKING BEHIND) I must say, it's terribly good of you to rescue me, Drone Leader. Though something tells me this may be a case of 'out of the fire and back into the frying pan'. I trust the humans will come to no harm?

RUTAN:

The drones have orders only to scatter the stock.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry: 'Stock'?

RUTAN:

All genetic variations must be catalogued and tested before our clone factory may begin operation.

DOCTOR:

That's a big task for one solitary Rutan.

NYSSA:

(APPROACHING, OFF) (SHE'S COLD AND ALOOF THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE – DISDAINFUL OF THE DOCTOR) He is not alone, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Nyssa! I feared the worst, but – well, I'm very pleased to see you. I take it the clones caught you before you could put the waterwheel out of action permanently?

NYSSA:

Later, Doctor. The TARDIS key, please.

DOCTOR:

TARDIS? We can't just leave. (SHE'S WALKING OFF) Nyssa!

RUTAN:

Follow the female, Doctor. We are approaching your TARDIS now.

DOCTOR:

(BUGGER – THEY KNOW ABOUT THE TARDIS) Ah. Yes. The TARDIS. Erm... hang on. (RUSHING AFTER NYSSA) Nyssa. One moment. Nyssa!

NYSSA:

(TO STOP) Here it stands. The key, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa. I don't know what sort of arrangement it is you've come to with this creature and his clones –

NYSSA:

The key. Now, Doctor.

RUTAN:

(BEHIND) Or you will be destroyed!

DOCTOR:

(IS NYSSA REALLY A RUTAN?) Oh no. Nyssa. You're not –

NYSSA:

I am not what?

DOCTOR:

That is, I mean to say – you're not Nyssa. Are you? You're a Rutan, too.

RUTAN:

Surrender the key!

DOCTOR:

Two Rutans – yes, of course. I should have realised.

NYSSA:

(COMMANDING) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(FX: JANGLING KEY) The key. Much good may it do you.

NYSSA:

Wait here. (FX: OPENS DOOR, ENTERS)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER HER) Right. Yes. Be my guest. Are you sure you wouldn't prefer a guided tour?

RUTAN:

Wait – here!

DOCTOR:

I'd have helped you, if you'd asked, Drone Leader. Tried to find a peaceful resolution to the problem of your presence here on Earth. But then you – well, you killed my friend, didn't you? You killed Nyssa, and I was really rather fond of her. Very fond, in fact.

RUTAN:

This is no way to speak of a superior officer!

DOCTOR:

So I tell you this, Drone Leader: I will stop you. I will stop at nothing to see your species driven out of the entire Mutter's Spiral – (DOUBLE TAKE) I'm sorry, did you say 'superior officer'?

NYSSA:

(FX: OPENING, EXITING TARDIS DOOR) Quite right. Underling. (FX: CLOSING DOOR BEHIND)

DOCTOR:

'Underling'?

RUTAN:

Is that the component?

DOCTOR:

Hang on! That's my energy lattice!

NYSSA:

(SHARPLY) My energy lattice, you mean. (PLACING IT ON THE GROUND) There. Take it off the ground, and our deal is concluded, Drone Leader.

RUTAN/OSBERT:

(FX: CRACKLING, TRANSFORMING BACK) It is. Nyssa of Traken.

NYSSA:

You will install it exactly as I instructed?

OSBERT/RUTAN:

Yes. The Rutan Empire salutes you.

NYSSA:

Likewise, Drone Leader.

OSBERT/RUTAN:

(CONFIDENTIALLY) Even if your drone management skills leave much to be desired.

DOCTOR:

What?!?

SCENE 48: EXT. BESIDE MOAT

(FX: WATERWHEEL TURNING IN THE FAR BACKGROUND)

SMITHY:

(OFF) There he is! At the moat's edge! The false knight! Make us his serfs, would he?

HUBERT:

(OFF, LUMBERING AFTER ROLAND) Roland of Brittany! I want you!

ROLAND:

You?!? The herbalist's boy?!? Against a mercenary knight with seven hundred heads to his name?

HUBERT:

Herbalist's boy no more! I am Hubert, Earl of Mummerset again!

ROLAND:

What is it you are going to do? Choke me with lavender? Beat me with a twig of rosemary?!?

HUBERT:

Do not taunt me! Roland – meet the Spear of Volund!

ROLAND:

What, the sword you stole?

HUBERT:

(ROARS, LUNGING TOWARDS ROLAND...) Rrrrrrrraaaaarrgh!

ROLAND:

You fool! Swing a broadsword one-handed and all you will do is overbalance!

HUBERT:

(OVERBALANCING, FALLING INTO MOAT) Whoa-a-a!

ROLAND:

And end up...

(FX: SPLASH!)

ROLAND:

... in the moat. (BEAT) Now – is there any other peasant who cares to try his luck? Smithy?

SMITHY:

N-no, sire! Not me!

ROLAND:

(LAUGHS) Pathetic!

(FX: SWISH OF WATER AS HUBERT RISES OUT OF THE MOAT AND GRABS ROLAND'S ANKLE)

HUBERT:
I'm not done with you yet, Norman scum!

ROLAND:
Let... go... of my ankle... you... Woooahhh!

(FX: SPLASH!)

HUBERT:
Gotcha!

SMITHY:
Lord Hubert! Are you alright?

HUBERT:
Help me out, Smithy. There's a good man.

(FX: HUBERT BEING HAULED OUT OF MOAT)

ROLAND:
(FIGHTING TO KEEP HEAD ABOVE WATER) Help me! (GLUB)

SMITHY:
Yurr, what about him?

ROLAND:
He can swim, can't he?

ROLAND:
(GLUB)

SMITHY:
Don't look like, sire. No.

HUBERT:
(FX: DRIPPING) Oh for heaven's sake. (CALLING TO ROLAND) Swim over here, you fool! You're heading for the waterwheel.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

ROLAND:
(FX: BEING PULLED NEARER WATERWHEEL; GRADUALLY BRING UP WATERWHEEL) But — (GLUB) — I cannot swim — (GLUB)

HUBERT:
(OFF) You can't swim?

SMITHY:

(OFF) There. What did I tell ye?

ROLAND:

I am a – (GLUB) – Knight of Brittany! I do not – (GLUB) – belong in the water, like some – (GLUB) – common – (GLUB) – Saxon – (GLUB) – duck!!!

HUBERT:

(OFF, CALLING) Fetch a pole! Someone, fetch a pole!

(FX: WATERWHEEL DEAFENING)

ROLAND:

Too late, I am dooooooomed!

(FX: HE'S IN THE WATERWHEEL NOW. IT GUMS UP – SLOWS – AND STOPS)

SCENE 49: EXT. CASTLE GATE (BY TARDIS)

(FX: SHARP CRACKLE)

OSBERT/RUTAN:

(PAINED, WEAKENED) Our power is – diminished. Why?

NYSSA:

The waterwheel's stopped working, I expect. But you don't need it now, not with the energy lattice.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, what on Earth is going on?

NYSSA:

Return to your ship, Drone Leader. You don't have much time.

OSBERT/RUTAN:

(FX: BOBBING AWAY) Yes, Nyssa of Traken. We shall. The Rutan Empire salutes you! (EXITS)

NYSSA:

(BREATHING A SIGH OF RELIEF) It's alright, he's gone.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa. Please don't tell me you just gave the Rutans a highly sophisticated kinetic conversion unit –

NYSSA:

... in exchange for your safety, yes. Their own energy lattice was damaged, and it'd take too long to grow another vessel, so they'd been forced to improvise a hopelessly inadequate solution -

DOCTOR:

... if only to maintain the sham-eleonic properties of their spacecraft, which is mapped over the precise external dimensions of -

NYSSA:

... the High Keep. That's why it's the only part of the castle -

DOCTOR:

... not covered in moss. (INNOCENTLY) Carry on.

NYSSA:

Well. I observed that if the Rutans simply altered the shape of their existing energy field, they'd be able to reach out far enough to save my 'underling' from Roland of Brittany.

DOCTOR:

And the underling's grateful, believe me, but -

NYSSA:

I meant no disrespect. Obviously, they'd never have agreed to the deal if they'd thought you were the clever one.

DOCTOR:

Yes, yes - but with their power unlimited, they'll be able to establish a fully-functioning clone factory. On Earth, in the Middle Ages!

NYSSA:

That is their objective, yes.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, what have you done?!?

SCENE 50: EXT. BESIDE MOAT

(FX: VILLAGERS MILLING AROUND, MUTTERING)

SMITHY:

(RUNNING UP) My Lord! Them Turkish Knights has all fallen down in the mud!

HUBERT:

The waterwheel. Of course!

SMITHY:

Soon as the wheel stopped, so did they. Like the fight'd gone right out of 'em!

HUBERT:

(SOFT) Then Roland of Brittany did vanquish my demons, after all.

SMITHY:

That rogue? Nay! 'twere all your doing, my Lord!

HUBERT:

It [were-?] I mean, was?

SMITHY:

Yurr! (ALoud) Hear ye! The Earl of Mummerset has slayed the false knight, and vanquished his demons! Hear ye!

(FX: EXCITEMENT IN THE CROWD)

SCENE 51: INT. RUTAN SHIP

(FX: CRACKLING, CRYSTALLINE B/G AMBIENCE)

RUTAN 2:

(FX: BOBBING) The energy lattice! We have it!

OSBERT/RUTAN:

Yes. With the device installed, we shall have power without limit!

RUTAN 2:

Yesss!

OSBERT/RUTAN:

The entire human species shall be ours! Proxy warriors to command by the billion! Dispensable flesh cages to throw at the enemy until those malignant trolls, the Sontarans, are rendered extinct!

RUTAN 2:

Then, drone leader – activate!

(FX: INSERTION/ACTIVATION EFFECT. RISING THRUM)

OSBERT/RUTAN:

It fits! It functions!

RUTAN 2:

Yes!

OSBERT/RUTAN:

Yesssss!!!

SCENE 52: EXT. EN ROUTE TO MOAT

DOCTOR:

(FX: WALKING BRISKLY) The Rutans will turn planet Earth into a boot camp, turning out clone warriors by the million!

NYSSA:

(FOLLOWING) Doctor, I did exactly what you'd have done in my position!

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING, ROUNDING ON HER) In your position, Nyssa, I'd have –

NYSSA:

Yes? You'd have what?

DOCTOR:

Well, (SLOWLY) I'd have sabotaged the energy lattice in some way.

NYSSA:

Yes, I thought of that.

DOCTOR:

(PLEASED) Good! Good!

NYSSA:

Except they'd have spotted that immediately.

DOCTOR:

(WORRIED) Nyssa.

NYSSA:

So I gave them exactly what they wanted: unlimited power.

DOCTOR:

Oh, Nyssa.

NYSSA:

Complete, total, unlimited power. Power without limit!

SCENE 53: INT. RUTAN SHIP

(FX: THRUM)

RUTAN 2:
Power levels at ninety-eight percent optimum.

OSBERT/RUTAN:
Excellent!

(FX: UP THRUM PITCH. CONTINUE TO INCREASE)

RUTAN 2:
(SURPRISED) One hundred and three per cent.

OSBERT/RUTAN:
Excellent! Excellent!

RUTAN 2:
One hundred and ten per cent. And ... rising. (SLIGHT ALARM)
Drone Leader?

OSBERT/RUTAN:
I do not... understand...

SCENE 54: EXT. EN ROUTE TO MOAT

DOCTOR:
Power without limit? You don't mean — ?

NYSSA:
I do mean: an energy lattice without its external limiter fitted.

DOCTOR:
But that means —

(FX: DISTANT CRIES OF TERROR FROM THE VILLAGERS)

SMITHY:
(OFF) Look! The castle!

SCENE 55: INT. RUTAN SHIP

(FX: THRUM NOW SCREECHY, HORRIBLE, RISING THROUGH:)

RUTAN 2:

One hundred and forty-three per cent.

OSBERT/RUTAN:

The energy lattice is faulty. We must remove it!

RUTAN 2:

But then – how will we survive?

OSBERT/RUTAN:

Launch! Launch! We will burn off this excess energy at
hyperspeed!

SCENE 56: EXT. BY MOAT

(FX: THRUM CAN NOW BE HEARD FROM HIGH KEEP, OFF, AS RUTAN SHIP ATTEMPTS TO UNMAP ITSELF FROM CASTLE)

SMITHY:

The demons are back! Lighting up the High Keep! What do we do, my Lord?!?

HUBERT:

Do? Errr...

DOCTOR:

(STRIDING UP) Nothing! Do absolutely nothing.

HUBERT:

N-nothing, Sir Doctor?

NYSSA:

The demons are seeking to leave this planet. But their, uh, sky-boat is aflame.

SMITHY:

'Sky-boat'?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, don't patronise them. The aliens' shameleonic vessel is essentially amorphous, but with its energy converters unconstrained, it's expanding uncontrollably.

HUBERT:

(SLOWLY) Then their - sky-boat - is... blowing... up?

(FX: DISTANT FIREBALLS ERUPTING FROM SHIP)

DOCTOR:

Like a balloon! (WARNING) Heads!

(FX: FIREBALL WHIZZING THROUGH AIR)

HUBERT:

Fireballs!

DOCTOR:

Yes, perhaps everyone ought to take cover?

SMITHY:

A dragon! Saints preserve us! It's a dragon!

DOCTOR:

No, it's a Rutan spacecraft.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) I think we *should* patronise them, Doctor. (ALOUD) What do you think it is, Smithy? A giant green beast is hurling fireballs at you from the castle's highest point! Of course it's a dragon!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa?!?

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Don't you see, Doctor? It's the dragon! Like in the play? This is where that tradition started!

DOCTOR:

Yes, but –

YOKELS:

(RUNNING ABOUT, HYSTERICAL) A dragon!

A dragon from Hell!

Somebody save us! (ETC)

HUBERT:

Run! Run!!!

DOCTOR:

(ALOUD) Please, everyone, try not to panic!

NYSSA:

(ALOUD) I've clipped his wings, he shall not fly!

HUBERT:

Then cut him down, or else we die!!!

SCENE 57: FLASHBACK

(FROM PART ONE:)

ST GEORGE:

I'll clip his wings, he shall not fly;

I'll cut him down, or else I die!

SCENE 58: EXT. BY MOAT

(FX: SUDDEN REVERSE THRUM. INRUSHING SOUND AS THE SHIP IMPLODES, COLLAPSING IN ON ITSELF)

HUBERT:
(OVER NOISE) Sir Doctor? What is happening?

DOCTOR:
The ship's imploding! Collapsing in on itself!

(FX: SUDDENLY, THE SOUND IS GONE)

NYSSA:
... and that's that.

HUBERT:
What, the demons are defeated?

DOCTOR:
Conclusively!

HUBERT:
God in Heaven! (FAINTS)

NYSSA:
(WARNING) Hubert!

DOCTOR:
(CATCHING HIM) It's alright, I've got him.

SMITHY:
(RUSHING UP) What's wrong with the Earl?

NYSSA:
Doctor?

DOCTOR:
(EXAMINING HUBERT) Nothing I can see. Exhaustion, I'd say. Delayed shock, that sort of thing.

NYSSA:
What he needs is some sort of tonic.

DOCTOR:
Hardly.

SMITHY:
But – I got tonic. (FX: FUMBLING) Here, in me flagon!

NYSSA:

Funny, that. Doctor, I think you ought to administer the potion.

DOCTOR:

What?

SMITHY:

(FX: PASSING FLAGON) Maud the Withered makes it out of herbs and berries... Put hairs on your chest, that will, my Lady!

HUBERT:

(STIRS, GROGGY) Whuh?

NYSSA:

Just as well it's not for me. Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Oh, if I must. (FX: CORK OUT OF BOTTLE)

HUBERT:

(WOOZY) Smells of elderberries...

NYSSA:

Say it, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) "Here, George, take a little of my flip-flop; Pour it down your tip-top: Rise up, and fight again!" (FX: DUB OVER FAINT ECHO OF IDENTICAL PART ONE DIALOGUE)

HUBERT:

(GLUG; SMACKS LIPS) That's really rather – yes.

SMITHY:

Ere, you called him George!

DOCTOR:

Oh, yes. So I did.

SMITHY:

That ain't George! That's Hubert, Earl of Mummerset!

HUBERT:

Well, actually – it is George. George of Saint Albans. (ALoud) Hear me, people of Stockbridge! I am not the Earl of Mummerset! I am George of Saint Albans! A herbalist's boy!

(FX: GENERAL MUTTERED CONFUSION)

SMITHY:

So where's the Earl of Mummieset?

HUBERT:

Dead in Palestine, I'm afraid.

SMITHY:

Well, then – who's gonna be our Lord, my Lord?

YOKEL 2:

(OFF) It was George saved us all from the dragon! He can be our Lord!

YOKELS:

(HURRAHS EN MASSE)

SMITHY:

Three cheers for George of Saint Albans! The new Earl of Mummieset! Hip hip – x 3

YOKELS:

(YURRS EN MASSE x 3. OVER THIS:)

NYSSA:

(TO DOCTOR, ASIDE) George of Saint Albans. Remembered as Saint George, who defeated the dragon!

DOCTOR:

I suppose – the story of George and the Dragon is said to have come back from the Holy Land, around the time of the Third Crusade.

NYSSA:

And this is what the men of Stockbridge have commemorated in their annual Mummer's Play, ever since!

DOCTOR:

It certainly looks that way, yes.

SMITHY:

(OFF) Here, look – it's Osbert! Coming down from the castle!

OSBERT:

(OFF) Ho there! What's all the cheering for?

NYSSA:

(TO DOCTOR) Osbert?!? But Doctor, he's a Rutan!

SMITHY:

(OFF) Got ourselves a new Earl of Mummieset! We's all serfs again!

OSBERT:

(OFF) Aw, I'd rather be a peasant than a serf!

DOCTOR:

(TO NYSSA) I think... not, Nyssa.

NYSSA:

What then? The real Osbert's dead, isn't he?

DOCTOR:

I should say this Osbert's the last surviving clone, free of Rutan influence.

NYSSA:

The Rutans cloned Osbert?

DOCTOR:

It was Osbert's memories we heard, back in 1899. Filtered down through the generations. An echo of their ancestor's experiences here, in the twelfth century.

NYSSA:

The memetic confluence!

DOCTOR:

Precisely. Couldn't have put it better myself.

NYSSA:

But if Osbert's descendants were all part-Rutan, even to the slightest degree – well, wouldn't it be terribly dangerous?

DOCTOR:

Only if someone uncovered their Rutan heritage. Brought out that buried alien identity.

NYSSA:

Someone like – you, perhaps?

DOCTOR:

Oh no. (RUNS) Nyssa! The TARDIS! Quick!!!

(CUT TO:)

SCENE 59: EXT. STOCKBRIDGE VILLAGE (1899)

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOORS OPEN)

DOCTOR:

(WALKING, TALKING) ... I mean, the descendants' genetic heritage would be massively diluted. It's not as if half the families of Stockbridge would suddenly transform into Rutans.

NYSSA:

(FX: SHUTTING DOOR) Yes, but they might be terribly traumatised.

DOCTOR:

Quite. (LOOKING ROUND; THERE'S NO-ONE IN SIGHT) Er...

NYSSA:

Doctor, this is Boxing Day, 1899?

DOCTOR:

Fast Return Switch, never fails. The decorations are still up.

NYSSA:

Then where is everybody?

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

(SLIGHTLY OFF, POSSESSED) The Time Lord!

TURKISH KNIGHT:

(DITTO) And Nyssa of Traken!

DOCTOR:

Ah! (WALKING OVER) Father, er, Christmas. And the Turkish Knight. I don't suppose you know what happened to the fellow who played the dragon?

NYSSA:

Edward.

DOCTOR:

Edward, yes. He was taken – unwell, I suppose. This morning.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

The Drone Leader has returned to the castle ruins.

TURKISH KNIGHT:

(FX: DRAWING SWORD – SHINK) Aye, and there you shall greet him!

DOCTOR:

Yes. You really shouldn't play with real swords. It spoils the illusion.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:

Bring them!

(FX: FOOTSTEPS OUT, CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 60: EXT. CASTLE RUINS (1899)

(FX: DOCTOR AND NYSSA BEING MARCHED UPHILL. SOUNDS OF DIGGING, GROANING)

DRAGON:
(OFF) Dig, slaves! Dig!!!

NYSSA:
The whole village is here, from the looks of it!

DOCTOR:
They're digging into the castle ruins with their bare hands.

NYSSA:
Digging? Why?

DOCTOR:
He told you. The Drone Leader. Don't you remember?

NYSSA:
No.

DOCTOR:
It'd take them too long to grow a new vessel, he said.

NYSSA:
You mean?

TURKISH KNIGHT:
Move!

DOCTOR:
A new ship was already gestating, buried in the ground.

NYSSA:
And it's still here! Look!

DOCTOR:
I'd say it's been fully grown the best part of seven hundred years. In the earth. Waiting for a reactivated clone to hear its psychic call. (THEY'RE BESIDE THE SHIP NOW. HAILS DRAGON ACTOR) Hullo there – Edward, isn't it?

DRAGON:
It is Osbert!

DOCTOR:
Of course. I see you've uncovered the entrance to the ship.

DRAGON:

We shall signal our masters. The mission is a success! Clone factories may be founded here!

DOCTOR:

Well, go on then. Open the door!

NYSSA:

Doctor, what are you playing at?

DOCTOR:

The portal is keyed to electrostatic frequencies. Only a Rutan proper can open it. Or a Time Lord with the knack.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Really?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Twelfth century clones aren't noted for their wits.

DRAGON:

Sir Doctor – you will work these 'eel-eck-tricks'!

TURKISH KNIGHT:

(FX: SWORD SCRAPE) Or Nyssa of Traken will die!!!

NYSSA:

(GRABBED) Oww.

DRAGON:

Do it!

NYSSA:

Don't listen to him, Doctor. You open that door and they can start up their clone factories.

DOCTOR:

It's all right, Nyssa. I know what I'm doing. Now, the crystals here make a kind of keypad, so if I just – (FX: STATIC ZAP AS HE PUSHES A CRYSTAL) Ow!

NYSSA:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Yes, they appear to carry a small charge. Probably stop a human in his tracks. Or a human clone.

NYSSA:

Is that it, did you open it?

DOCTOR:

Unfortunately, no. The door has a hexadecimal entry code. I just entered the first digit. (FX: PRESSING MORE BUTTONS, ZAPS WITH EACH) Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow!

(FX: SHIMMERING, THE PORTAL OPENS)

DRAGON:

The portal is open!

DOCTOR:

Looks that way, doesn't it? (GRABBING NYSSA, SHOVING KNIGHT BACK) Nyssa, with me! Through the portal!

TURKISH KNIGHT:

(GASPS)

DRAGON:

The time travellers! Take them!

(FX: SHIMMERING AS PORTAL RESEALS)

TURKISH KNIGHT:

Too late!

SCENE 61: INT. RUTAN SHIP (1899)

NYSSA:

Will they be able to open it again?

DOCTOR:

Let's hope not. Come on.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS)

NYSSA:

Phwoagh! It smells!

DOCTOR:

Yes, moss has crept in, over the centuries. The ship's not looking all that healthy.

NYSSA:

So what do we do now? You aren't thinking of launching it, surely?

DOCTOR:

Do you have an alternative strategy in mind? Ah: the flight controls. (BUSY AT CONTROLS) (FX: ACTIVATION SOUND AS BEFORE. BASSY ENGINES GROWING IN VOLUME) I just need to pilot it far enough into the stratosphere – where it can no longer exert any influence over Osbert's descendants.

NYSSA:

Then the villagers will be returned to normal?

DOCTOR:

Eventually, yes. I daresay they'll collapse, and wake up with very sore heads tomorrow. With any luck they'll put it down a spot of Boxing Day overindulgence. (EXCITED) A-ha!

(FX: CIRCUITS GURGLING AND BELCHING. THE DOCTOR PUNCHING BUTTONS, KNOTTING CABLES, RIPPING OPEN SHELL LAYERS)

NYSSA:

Doctor – that sound...

DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS, WHILST ATTEMPTING TO FIX THINGS) Oh, no. Atrial dys-rhythmia! The ship's engines are fibrillating!

NYSSA:

Fibrillating?

DOCTOR:

It's suffering a heart attack! That's the trouble with metabionic drive systems. They get cranky with age!

(FX: SOMETHING EXPLODES ON THE CONSOLE)

NYSSA:

Doctor...

DOCTOR:

I know, Nyssa, I know. I need to find some way of stabilising the sinus rhythm otherwise the hyperspatial warp core will ignite – and the entire ship will explode!

NYSSA:

But if it explodes?

DOCTOR:

No more Stockbridge. No more Mummerset, for that matter. In fact, it'd take rather a large chunk out of Victorian England.

NYSSA:

Then hadn't you better hurry?

DOCTOR:

(SQUEEZING INTO SMALL AREA) I'm trying, Nyssa. It's complicated. There should be some sort of metabolic fail-safe, if only I can find – (PAIN) Ow!

NYSSA:

What's the matter?

DOCTOR:

That bit's hot.

NYSSA:

How long do you think we have?

DOCTOR:

Until it explodes? Not long. A few minutes, if we're lucky.

NYSSA:

And if we're unlucky?

DOCTOR:

I recommend not starting any long sentences.

NYSSA:

But what if there isn't a 'metabolic fail-safe'?

DOCTOR:

Ah. I was hoping you wouldn't ask that. If I can just manage to – (FX: AN ALARM SOUNDS ANGRILY, A SERIES OF BEEPS ESCALATE IN PITCH AND FREQUENCY. OVER THIS:) It's too late... warp core ignition. I'm so sorry, Nyssa. It's about to – [explode]

(FX: THE DOCTOR'S WORDS ARE CUT OFF BY A DEVASTATING EXPLOSION. WHICH TURNS INTO A WARPING, ECHOING, PHASING, AS THOUGH TIME ITSELF IS BEING RIPPED APART... TAKING US INTO THE CLOSING THEME)

THE END

231163-15